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WINNEBAGO STORIES

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The hunting grounds of the Winnebagoes

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WINNEBAGO STORIES

By

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Illustrated with half tones largely from photographs by the authors

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Made in U. S. A

To

Ruby Vary Donaldson

A real friend of American lore

Battle Hollow, Wisconsin

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Along the banks of the Wisconsin River

WINNEBAGO STORIES

WHO ARE THE WINNEBAGOES?

Almost every boy and every girl in America who has good, red blood and a strong heart, and who loves fair play, has an interest in the Indians. They had been living in America for a long, long time before Columbus found them, and we would all like to know how long ago this was. Their skins were a reddish brown; they were not white people, although they still had many of the customs of the white people of long ago. The early Indians had not yet learned the use of metals; they had no steel knives, iron axes, or plows, nor any needles or pins like ours. Instead of all these things, they used stones of various kinds for all sorts of work. They had stone spearheads and arrow points, stone knives

THE EARLY HOME OF THE WINNEBAGOES

A map showing that portion of Wisconsin once occupied by the Winnebagoes. When the white man first discovered this region it was a vast hunting ground abounding in game and fur-bearing animals. The explorers and fur traders who visited the country found numerous Indian villages. The crosses on the map indicate the sites of some of the largest of these villages

and hammers and axes and grinders, and even stone ornaments for their ears. Their needles and fishhooks they made of bone.

The pioneers and settlers who came from Europe found many different nations and tribes of Indians in the various parts of the country. Each group of tribes that were much alike in language and customs was called by the whites one nation. In the central region of the United States was the Sioux nation, and one of the strongest tribes of the Sioux was the Winnebagoes, as the accompanying map will show.

The Winnebagoes were first discovered by white men in 1634. Jean Nicolet had been sent by Governor Champlain to explore the region west of Quebec. Landing from Lake Michigan on the east shore of Green Bay, in what is now Wisconsin, Nicolet discovered first the Pottawatomies, who probably had come there across the lake from Michigan. And farther south along the shores of Green Bay he found the Winnebagoes.

The Winnebagoes were described by other traders and by missionaries during the next few years as a strong tribe of many people. One of their villages alone had over five thousand men and women living in it. It is said that the Winnebagoes used but little caution in their dealings with others, relying entirely upon their own strength and fearlessness for protection. They were very crafty, or cunning, and were often at war with their neighbors, the Fox, the Illinois, and the Pottawatomies. So powerful were they that they pushed farther and farther into Wisconsin, crowding out or overcoming their enemies, until the Winnebago villages extended along the Wisconsin River from Lake Winnebago to the Mississippi.

Wherever the Winnebagoes settled, they built mounds of earth, some only two or three feet high, and others as high as low trees and as wide as a large school building. The lower part of some of these mounds probably formed the bases of the larger houses or lodges, in which perhaps twenty

Courtesy Wisconsin Archaeological Society

CUTLER PARK MOUND, WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN

Mounds such as this one were built to mark the location or possessions of various Winnebago clans

families lived all together. Some of the other mounds were shaped like animals, probably to show who the owner of the land might be. Thus, a bear-shaped mound was made by the Bear families, or clan, upon the land which they owned. A turtle mound would be made by the Turtle clan wherever its land might be; and so it was for all the other clans.

Still other mounds seem to have been used to cover the bodies of the dead. They were the cemeteries of the Winnebagoes. In these mounds are found the bones of men and women and often some of their most valuable possessions, such as ornaments and dishes. If food or wooden articles were buried, too, they soon decayed, so now we do not find such things.

When central Wisconsin was settled, the government bargained with the Winnebagoes for their land, for it was valuable for lumbering and for farming. The Indians were given land farther west, and today most of the Winnebagoes are living in Nebraska. They have become farmers, cattle raisers, storekeepers—in fact, they do well anything that white people do. Some are physicians, while others are lawyers, ministers, or school teachers. Many of the boys and girls attend high school and college.

A great many white people think of the Indians as cruel and deceitful. Even some of the histories used in schools, as well as

stories and tales, lead us to think so. This is far from being wholly true, and is very unfair to the Indians. As a matter of fact, there is really far more cruelty and deceit among the white people of a large American city today than there ever was among the Indians before they learned to drink the white man's whisky.

The Indians in general were as honest as the whites. They were intelligent and eager to learn, and their loyalty to their friends has never been surpassed by any people. Massasoit and Pocahontas were only two out of the many Indians who were true friends to the early settlers.

The stories which follow on these pages were gathered together to help us better understand how the Indians lived and what they thought. These stories are still told to boys and girls in Winnebago homes. And so, if they interest Indian boys and girls, they will, without doubt, interest white boys and girls too, for boys and girls of every land and every race are just about the same.

BEAR CHIEF'S ARRIVAL

Nestling in the beautiful hills of northeastern Nebraska, about five miles from the Missouri River, were the government offices and warehouses for the Winnebago tribe, and the cottages of the Indian agent and his employees. A flour mill, a blacksmith shop, and carpenter and shoe shops were maintained there, and at first there was a sawmill, as well. The flour mill, shops, and cottages were all built by the old-time carpentry methods and in large dimensions. Large, coarse timbers were mortised and pegged together. Iron nails were used only in the finishing work. The employees of the Indian agency included a miller, a farmer, a blacksmith, and a shoemaker, together with their assistants. A doctor and an interpreter were also maintained at the Indian trading post.

The work of the post was carried on in a log house. Surrounding it were many

other shops and dwellings, making quite a good-sized village. Here the Indians came to have their implements repaired, to do their trading, and to hear the news of the day; for most of them lived in the lonely ravines or hollows nearer the Missouri River. Such a place was Big Bear's Hollow, where Chief Big Bear and his band were camped. Honey Creek was another little stream flowing into the Missouri River. Honey Creek Hollow was so named because Old Nace, the tribal bee hunter, had found more bee trees in that particular hollow than in any other place around.

Almost every Indian family lived in a lodge of the old-time oval shape made with a framework of slender poles stuck in the ground in a circle, their tops bent over the center and bound together with strong strings or cords made from the fibers of basswood bark. This frame was strengthened by other poles placed around the sides horizontally, in as many rows as the builders saw fit to use. These poles were

then covered with elm bark or mattings made of rushes which overlapped until the lodge was rain-proof. At the top a place about two feet square was always left open for the smoke hole. Some of the lodges were made in oblong shape with two or more fireplaces within, and even now the Indians often speak of old-time lodges with

Bennett photograph

AN OLD-TIME WINNEBAGO LODGE

These lodges were oval in shape and covered with bark. For larger families the lodge was made longer

as many as ten fireplaces, for Indian families were large in those days.

To this community news came one day through the Indian agent that a branch of the Winnebagoes which had remained in Wisconsin, the native land of the tribe, was being moved to this new home in Nebraska. The agent told the Indians the day on which their relatives were to arrive in Sioux City, Iowa, the nearest railroad point. Though it was twenty-five miles to the north, all the Indians who had teams and wagons were instructed to meet the newcomers and bring them back.

When the news spread over the reservation, there was great excitement and expectation, for these Indians had been separated from one another for several years, and almost everyone in the tribe had near relatives among those who were coming.

Finally came the time for the arrival of the Winnebagoes from Wisconsin. On the morrow they were to be put off at the railway station, so all the Indians who had

horses and wagons started out to meet the train. All the others came and camped out around the agency. The next day was a long one, but finally it came to an end. As the sun crept down near the tops of the western hills, one of the braves who had been on the lookout on the higher hills to the north came tearing to the Indian camp at full speed. His spotted pony, pulled up for the sudden stop, sat back on its haunches and then stood still, panting. "They are coming on the north bottoms!" the young Indian shouted.

The news created the greatest excitement, and everyone rushed out of the camp. The young women took their pails and hurried to the springs in the ravine for fresh water, and from every lodge there soon came the savory odors of food being prepared for the newcomers. This was in accord with Indian etiquette: "If a stranger comes in your midst, do not stand gazing at him in public places. But if you have aught to eat, invite him to your home and partake with him, for

Welcoming the Winnebagoes on their arrival from Wisconsin

even a kernel of corn is not too little to divide with him."

At last, just at sundown, the creaking wagons came slowly rolling into camp. Some were loaded with Indians, and others held camping outfits and cooking utensils

or household goods. In many of the packs of the newcomers was much dried venison, which the Nebraskans greatly enjoyed, for they had had little venison since leaving their old home in Wisconsin, the land of the pine tree and the deer.

For several moments all that could be heard was "Ho, ho, ho," as the Indians shook hands with their relatives and friends. Indians do not kiss or embrace each other, and there is some doubt as to whether they even shook hands in the primitive days.

It was not until the Big Dipper had nearly made its complete circuit around the North Star that the village grew quiet, for each family had to be told everything that had happened during all the years of their separation.

The Indians had no sooner gone to bed, it seemed, before Standing Buffalo, the village herald, was up and about, singing the morning songs and telling the people to arise. "The Great Father, the Sun, who

gives us light and life and growth upon Mother Earth, is even now coming over the eastern horizon." Then, as the Indians assembled before their lodges in the bright sunlight, the children were able to get a good view of all these strangers who spoke their own language.

There was Black Hawk, who all these years had resisted the pleadings of the Great Father in Washington to remove his tribe to Nebraska, and who only a few days previously had been caught with his people at a public feast. At the point of the bayonet they had been forced to get into box cars on a freight train and be shipped like cattle to Sioux City. A chief Black Hawk was in appearance as well as in action, with strength and leadership written on his face. His word was law among his people.

But who was this other great chieftain whose words seemed to charm everyone like music? Was he another chief of the tribe? No, he was Bear Chief, the tribal

Bear Chief, the tribal story-teller

story-teller, the son of old Two Claws, and, as his name indicated, a member of the Bear clan of the Winnebagoes. He was of ordinary stature with a strand of long black hair hanging down over each shoulder. Two eagle feathers stuck in his hair, on the back of his head, denoted his ability as a warrior. His face was round, and he wore a heavy ornament of conch shell and wampum in each ear. A strong bow of hickory was his cane. Thrown over his left shoulder was a quiver of arrows all well feathered and tipped at the points with mud-turtle claws, while on his right shoulder was slung a carefully folded Hudson's Bay blanket. He wore a buckskin shirt and a pair of leggings of the same material, with fringes down the outer sides of his legs. His moccasins were ornamented with colored porcupine quills.

Thus stood Bear Chief, the story-teller, as the children saw him the day after his arrival.

THE CONTEST AND WHAT CAME OF IT

It was in the fall of the year that this removal, or migration, of the Wisconsin branch of the Winnebagoes took place, and it was two or three weeks before the newcomers had become accustomed to their new homes. Some had been taken in by relatives, while others, who had brought enough material to make lodges, now had their own homes.

It was not long until all the children had heard about and had seen Bear Chief, but, childlike, they did not know how to approach him. One day, as they were returning home from a squirrel hunt in the woods, young Red Bird, who was a leader among the Indian boys, said, "Let's all take one shot at that knot in the elm tree. The poorest shot shall ask his father to speak to Bear Chief about telling us stories."

"Yes, let's do it," they all cried out together, for they were eager for the stories.

"Red Bird will have to shoot first," said Little Turtle, the smallest boy in the crowd, as they measured off a good distance for an arrow shot and formed in line.

"All right," said Red Bird. "I'm not afraid, and I believe I can hit it just as easily as I would a buffalo's heart."

So he placed his best arrow on his bowstring and pulled it back its entire length several times to see whether the bow still retained its full strength and springiness. Then he took careful aim and let the arrow fly. It went whizzing forth, striking the tree just beside the knot.

"I knew you would miss it!" shouted Little Turtle, as the other boys laughed in glee.

"If it had only been a buffalo I would have sent the arrow through its heart," said Red Bird.

Then Green Crow boldly stepped forward with his bow and arrow, saying boastfully,

The day of the shooting contest

"I'll show you how to hit the knot. Just watch me." But he let fly his arrow so far from its mark that he was unable to find it.

"You are always boasting, Green Crow. You wouldn't have killed the squirrel dangling now at your belt if I hadn't wounded it first," cried Red Bird.

Then Flying Cloud, the chief's son, shot, and hit the knot on the edge. With a feeling of safety and a proud air he stepped aside for Little Turtle, who now was examining his arrows. Little Turtle

was the youngest and the smallest of the boys, but his father had taken great pains in teaching him how to shoot an arrow. He had cautioned his son always to keep his arrows straight and to be sure not to swing his bow hand to either side while the arrow was leaving the bow. So, because he had heeded all of this training, he now placed a very straight arrow in his bow and without the least sign of excitement pulled back on the arrow. "Snap!" went his bowstring.

The other boys shouted merrily at his misfortune. But Little Turtle immediately pulled the extra string into place with one jerk of his hand, and then, again placing the arrow, he aimed and let it fly.

To the surprise of all the boys, the arrow went straight to the center of the knot. They did not say much, but Green Crow, upon whom had fallen the lot to ask his father to speak for Bear Chief's stories, said, "I know it was an accident."

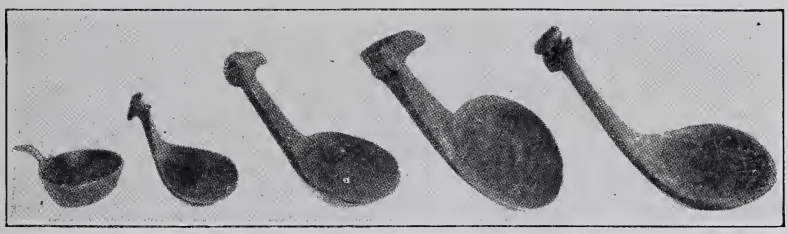
The boys, merrily talking of the day's hunt and the contest, went home, for it was

growing late in the evening. Before they separated for their lodges after reaching camp, Green Crow told his father of the day's hunt with his playmates. And he told him how, on the way home, they had had a contest and how he had lost not only the contest but his arrow as well. He explained to him the bargain by which the loser was to beg his father to ask Bear Chief to tell them the stories for which he was so noted. Old Crow did not answer him immediately, but for several moments sat silently smoking his long calumet. Finally he spoke.

"Son," said he, "how many times have I cautioned you that to shoot straight you must first have a straight arrow and a steady bow hand? See to it that you observe these things hereafter. I will see Bear Chief in the morning, but it is a custom among our people that a young man or boy seeking stories must perform some act of veneration for the one from whom he seeks the story." With this wise

counsel to his son Old Crow, with his family, retired for the night.

The next morning Old Crow had his squaw prepare an especially good breakfast. Stepping across to the lodge of Bear Chief,



Wooden spoons made by the Indians

he respectfully asked him to come over and partake of the meal. Bear Chief came back with him and, after they had eaten, Old Crow repeated to him the story of the contest of the day before, telling how his son had lost and how as a result it fell to his lot to beg for the stories.

Bear Chief was by that time in a happy mood and gladly consented to tell the boys a story. "But," said he, "as it has been the custom of our people to teach the young mind to retain what it hears, I must

ask the young braves to gather some nice, dry wood and to bring in a good fire log for this evening, in order that we may be comfortable in the lodge and have light as well for the story."

As soon as Bear Chief had departed, Green Crow lost no time in finding his companions, for they were anxiously awaiting him. He told them of Bear Chief's consent and of his request for firewood. How delighted they all were! Red Bird said he would borrow his mother's pack strap, which was made of buffalo hide. And Little Turtle was sure he could take his father's ax, which he always kept keen and sharp. Flying Cloud and Green Crow were to do the packing, or carrying, while the others were to cut and tie the wood in bundles.

Soon the boys were tramping down the ravine into the woods, talking merrily and wondering what the story of the evening would be. They worked with such energy that they soon had two good-sized bundles

or packs of nice, dry wood which Green Crow and Flying Cloud proceeded to carry to camp. The bundles were light at first, but seemed to get heavier and heavier, so that the boys had to lay them down several times and rest before reaching camp. There they threw down their packs and with perspiration running down their faces returned for the next loads. Those seemed heavier than the first, but at last the boys carried them, too, into camp. Then came their final load, the big fire log. It was a

The boys on their way to the camp with the big fire log for Bear Chief's lodge fire

fine, long, dry log from which some one had peeled the bark to cover his lodge. This log the four boys partly carried and partly dragged into camp.

The young braves, having now made good their word, were happy, and each returned to his father's lodge for the evening meal. With the appetites of hungry bears they did full justice to the jerked meat and corn which their mothers had prepared for them. And eagerly they waited for the dusk, for that was when Bear Chief had told them to come to his lodge.

At last, since everything comes to those who have earned it, dusk began to come. Since it was but a few rods to Bear Chief's lodge, they arrived there in good time, just as the stars began to peep out here and there in the heavens and a perfect and silent night fell upon the village. The boys stood outside the lodge for several moments, longing but hesitating to go in. Finally Red Bird told Green Crow to go in first.

"No," said that young brave, "I asked for the story and it is up to one of you boys to go in first."

So Little Turtle stepped forward and opening the door flap, which was made out of a buffalo robe, led the way inside the lodge, which was of the ordinary oval shape, covered with rush mattings. The four boys took their seats on the north side of the lodge. The entrance was on the east end and Bear Chief was seated at the rear or west end. At the south end sat Bear Chief's squaw, making moccasins for her chief out of smoked buckskin. Behind Bear Chief, hanging from the lodge frame, were his bow and quiver of arrows. Around the edge of the lodge hung several bags made of basswood fiber and decorated in different colors and designs. The mattings lying around the lodge fire were made of beautifully colored rushes woven together.

Bear Chief sat smoking his long pipe, the calumet. As the four boys entered, he calmly took the last few puffs. Then,

knocking the ashes out against the poles around the hearth, he carefully placed the pipe in its case and hung it up in the frame of the lodge.

"Ho, ho, my grandsons," said Bear Chief, for so does an old man call young boys. "To begin with, let us have a good fire."

At once the boys rushed out. Flying Cloud and Little Turtle each brought in an armful of wood, while Red Bird and Green Crow managed to drag in the big log and to place one end of it in the fire in the center of the lodge. Flying Cloud and Little Turtle then proceeded to place the smaller sticks around the end of the log. Soon the fire began to burn brightly, and the boys took their seats again.

THE FOOLISH HUNTER

"Flying Cloud, my grandson," said Bear Chief, "will you please turn around that stick that has its big end in the fire?"

So Flying Cloud turned it around and placed the smaller end in the fire.

"There," said Bear Chief. "It is good. The old people say that if you burn your fire sticks with the big or lower end first there will come a long, cold winter. Therefore Indians are always careful about the way they place their fire sticks in the fire. And in everything else they are careful. There is always a natural way and an unnatural way, a good way and a poor way of doing things. To do things in an unnatural way only means that you prolong your labor and waste time. [Here Red Bird looked at Green Crow as much as to say, "You did that."] Now, grandsons, you have exerted yourselves well for a story. And because it was on your return

from the hunting trip that it occurred to you to ask for a story, I shall tell you a hunting story this evening."

The fire was now crackling and burning nicely, sending forth a blaze which filled the lodge with a beautiful glow of light, and made the shadows play along the wall.

"Long ago our people, the Winnebagoes, lived in Wisconsin; this word means the Country of the Pines. It was the custom of the old people to encourage the young people to fast, for they knew that the Great Spirit created the different forces which our people know as spirits. And he also created the different animals, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the lakes and streams, each one with its own habits and its own means of protection. So it was to learn of these things and to obtain knowledge of the mysteries of the Great Spirit and his creation that the people encouraged fasting. They told their children to go up into the cliffs or hills away from human habitations and there to fix their thoughts

upon the things they longed to learn about, and to pray and receive inspiration from the Great Spirit and his creation.

"A certain young Indian who wished to become a great hunter heeded thus the counsel of his parents. He fasted and fasted, and learned the ways of the forests and the habits of the animals of the woods and of the birds of the air. This young man seemed to have power to go out and kill almost any animal or fowl that he wished, and he was known and respected among his tribe for his skill in hunting.

"At this time the tribe was living along the shores of the Fox River in the Country of the Pines. One day, in the spring, as the ice in the rivers began to break up, this young man became restless, for he was eager to eat duck's flesh. As the days passed, he hungered more and more, and mentioned his desire many times to his companions. So anxious and impatient was he that one day he said, 'I am so hungry for duck's meat that as soon as the ducks

come north I am going to slaughter many, and first I am going to render out the fat and bathe in that. Then afterward I shall slaughter a great many more and have a great feast on them.' He could think of nothing else as time went on, until at last there came a day when spring seemed to be in the sunshine and the wind. The weather was fine, and the first geese and ducks migrating northward appeared in the southern sky. Each day brought more and more of them. At last, one day, the very heavens seemed to be black with them, and it was then that the young man slung his quiver of arrows over his back and selected his best bow. Thus armed, he started out for his favorite hunting place on the banks of the Fox River where he had gone many times before and killed all the ducks he wanted. There he seated himself, certain that it would not be long before he would start home with a load of ducks, to carry out his desire to bathe in their fat, and to top off with a feast on their meat. He

A river scene in the Country of the Pines

waited patiently, but all the ducks seemed to know his intention, for none of them would fly within shooting distance of him.

"Thus he spent the day; in the evening he went home without a duck. But he consoled himself with the belief that this was just an unusual occurrence. He was not worried as to whether or not he could kill the ducks if they came near enough to him, for the young man was a sure shot with the arrow.

"The next morning he arose just at daybreak and was off again to the water's edge. Here he sat waiting and waiting all day, but he waited in vain, just as on the day before, and went home somewhat discouraged, although still hopeful for the morrow. Again the third day he went and with the same result. Now among the Winnebago tribe of Indians, and among many other tribes, the number four is considered a magic, or sacred, number. It is thought that the same things happen only four times, that the fourth time is the last

time, and after that it is useless to try again. So the young man went a fourth day to his favorite place upon the river bank, but again he sat waiting in vain all through the long hours.

"Finally, as the sun began to sink in the west, he called to mind the inspiration he had received in fasting, and his past ability as hunter and marksman. Now, all Indians who fast have individual chants or songs, calling forth all the powers of their being; and this young man had his. With uplifted face he stood and sang his song, which meant, 'It is I, it is I; it is I, it is I.'

"Even while he sang he thought he heard a sound in the distance, and he listened eagerly. Far down the river came a flock of ducks flying in V formation, as we often see them in the spring when they migrate to the northern lakes. And it was the leading duck he heard singing the very same song that he sang, 'It is I, it is I. The blue sky in the heavens my body is. It is I.'

"The flock came nearer and nearer until it was almost over his head. He placed an arrow in his bow and, with the leading duck almost touching the tip of his arrow, let it fly. But the arrow shot out into space, and the flock of ducks flew on and disappeared in the distance.

"The young man went home in very low spirits, and that night he lay in his deerskin, wide awake and restless, watching the moonlight and shadows flicker across his tepee and listening to the sighing of the wind among the leafless trees. Soon he heard some one come softly to the side of his lodge and whisper his name, saying, 'I am after you. Come with me.'

"A spirit then directed his soul to leave his body still sleeping in the tepee, and to come away to the upper regions, to the lodge of the Bird Spirits. There, in his dream, the leading Spirit counseled him, saying, 'Young man, you have not spoken as you should of holy things. You have said things that you should not have said.

Our bodies are all like the sky above you, so how could you kill us if we were not willing you should? The Great Spirit made us for food, and as such we have blessed your people. But we are not mere playthings. So henceforth be careful how you talk and keep in mind all that we have told you.'

"With this the soul of the young man was taken down again to his own home and back into the physical state, into his earthly body.

"The next morning the young man went out early, and it was almost no time at all before he had shot all the ducks he wanted for food for himself and for his neighbors. But he did not take the promised bath in the fat of the ducks.

"Now then, grandsons," said Bear Chief, "nearly all Indians observe these rules. When I was a young boy myself, my father taught me very strictly never to play with food or to waste it, or to kill more than was necessary for food."

Old Bear Chief stopped speaking and took down his pipe for a smoke.

"Green Crow here always tries to kill more squirrels than are needed for food, Grandfather," said Red Bird.

"It is not right," said Bear Chief. "And now, grandsons, if tomorrow you will fast a half day, in the evening I will tell you another story."

THE STORY OF THE RED BIRD

The boys were up early the next morning. Each one told his parents about the promised story and about the fast they must keep first. As they met at Flying Cloud's lodge, each boy had his bow and arrows, and had blackened his face as a symbol of humbleness before the Great Spirit. It is said by the old Indians that he who refrains not from the use of charcoal will receive blessings.

Thus the boys started for the woods to shoot and to while away the morning until noon, when they were to break their fast. They went eastward down a little stream until they came to a big elm tree under which they stopped to play. Red Bird spied a squirrel up in the tree and shot an arrow at it but missed, and the arrow got caught in the branches. Then what a jolly time they had trying to shoot the arrow down! By and by one of Green Crow's arrows was

Red Bird with his bow and arrow on his way to the woods

caught, also. It was so near noon when they finally shot Red Bird's arrow down that they went home, leaving Green Crow's arrow still up in the tree. As soon as they

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reached home they were given food to eat and oh, how good it tasted! Bear Chief was indeed right when he said that it was wrong to waste food.

That evening four anxious boys started again for Bear Chief's lodge. They entered with expectant hearts and found Bear Chief sitting in his usual place. He greeted them with a smile and asked them if they had fasted.

"Yes," answered the boys in unison. "Yes, and we have learned the lesson about not wasting food."

"Grandsons, I am going to tell you tonight about the orphan boy, but first we must have a better fire and a good seat." So he leaned over and poked the fire into a blaze and then squirmed about to make for himself a comfortable seat. "All right now, boys," said he, "you listen.

"Long ago there was a village in the forest built in the circle in which Indians usually build their villages. On the outskirts lived an old woman with her young

grandson, for the boy's father and mother had died, leaving him an orphan. The life of the village went along quietly, as life in most villages does, until one day there came a bird with beautiful red feathers. It flew into a tall tree in the middle of the village circle, causing a red glow of light to spread over all the lodges. It was such a handsome bird that the chief wanted its feathers. He offered one of his two beautiful daughters in marriage to anyone who would kill the bird, so all the young men took their bows and arrows, each of them expecting to win a bride.

"Each day the young men came to the foot of the tree, and among the crowd was a man called the Ape, who was a cheat in everything he did. Each youth was allowed to take one shot at the bird, and whenever anyone's arrow came close to it a shout of excitement would go up. Drawn by this shouting and noise, the orphan boy came too, dirty and uncared for, with his hair matted on his head. Each day upon his

return home he told his grandmother about the contest and asked that he might go and try his bow and arrow on the bird. And though his grandmother scolded him, every day he would quietly sneak away to the contest.

"'Oh, here comes the orphan boy! Let him try!' everyone cried each day as he joined the crowd. So he would place an arrow in his bow and shoot at the bird. The Ape, who was always there, also shot

A BOW AND BIRD ARROW

This is a blunt-headed arrow. Killed with such an arrow, the bird did not bleed to death. Thus the plumage was not soiled and it could be used for robes and headdresses

at the bird at the same time and always came very close to it, causing the crowd to send up a shout.

"Thus the Winnebagoes shot for three days. On the fourth day the contest was

continued, and as usual the orphan boy stepped up to shoot. Just as he let his arrow fly, the Ape also shot, but it happened to be the orphan boy who hit the bird, causing it to fall to the ground. But the Ape claimed it, taking it away from the orphan and presenting the bird to the chief, who thanked him and gave him his elder daughter in marriage.

'In the scuffle the orphan boy snatched a single bright red feather, and this he carried home under his blanket. Soon the feather changed into a much brighter and more beautiful bird than the one which had been shot. The boy showed his wonderful red bird to his grandmother, telling her all that had happened.

"As the grandmother still very much doubted his ability to shoot, the orphan boy braided a rawhide hoop and told her to roll it across the floor of the wigwam. She did as she was bidden, and the boy shot it right through the center. The hoop fell in the middle of the lodge in the form of a

yearling buffalo heifer. Then the orphan boy told his grandmother to cook some of the meat of the heifer and take it to the chief for his meal.

"This she did, but when she took the meat to the chief's lodge she passed it under the door flap, saying, 'This is for the chief from his son-in-law.' Then she slipped away unobserved.

"The chief ordered his women to see who it was, but the old grandmother was nowhere to be found.

"This the old woman did for four days in succession. On the fourth day the women saw her and discovered that it was the orphan's grandmother who brought the delicious meal of buffalo meat. And when they went to question her about what she had done, they found there the orphan with the beautiful bird.

"The chief was told of all this, and he called the orphan boy to his lodge and gave him in marriage his second daughter, who was even more beautiful than the elder

The beautiful daughter of the chief

daughter. But because the boy was so dirty and unkempt, the Ape and his wife were very careful not to touch him and to keep all their things out of his reach when he came in. The wife of the orphan scolded them, telling them they ought to have pity upon him.

"On the fourth day of their marriage his wife cried all day over his pitiable state. The next morning the orphan asked his wife to take a walk with him into the forest. They walked a long way until they came to a large lake. There he told his wife to note him carefully so that she would recognize him again, showing her a scar on his leg. Bidding her have no fear, he dived down into the lake. He did not come up again, and finally she began to fear that he had been drowned. There she sat and wept until finally she fell asleep. Late in the afternoon a beautiful young man in wonderful robes came and wakened her.

"'Come, wife,' he said, 'it is time for us to go.'

"'You are not my husband,' she replied, for she did not recognize this stranger. 'My husband dived into the lake here and has not returned.'

"Then the stranger showed her the scar upon his leg. He told her that he had gone into the lake to transform himself, and that all these things were but to test her love. At this she was very happy.

"Upon their return from the lake his sister-in-law recognized the orphan boy at once, and after that there was no end of her calling him 'Brother.'

"The orphan's skill with the bow and arrow made him a wonderful hunter, so that he supplied the whole village with meat, and finally, upon the death of his father-in-law, became the chief.

"Now, my grandsons," said Bear Chief, "tomorrow evening I shall tell you about the unlucky horse. It is time for you to return to your lodges for the night but, before you go, tell me what you are going to remember out of tonight's story."

"The beautiful red bird that came from a feather," exclaimed Green Crow, who was always the quickest to speak.

"No, grandsons, that is not the best thing to remember."

The boys sat and thought. None of them wanted to say anything until he was sure he was right. Then Little Turtle's eyes sparkled with a sudden thought, and he whispered, "I'm going to remember that any boy, even if he has no father or mother, can succeed in almost anything he tries to do."

THE UNLUCKY HORSE

The next day the boys were so eager for the evening story that the day seemed very, very long, but after they had wandered far through the woods and had played all the different games they knew, the evening did finally come, and the stars began to twinkle in the heavens. Eating very little supper, they met early and started for Bear Chief's lodge, taking their seats on the north side.

"Ho, grandsons," came his usual greeting. Slowly he finished his long pipe of kinnikinnick and, after knocking the ashes out against the fire log, carefully placed the pipe in its case and hung it on the poles of the lodge.

"Grandsons," said he, "did you notice the spotted horse at the last dance which Big Bear gave? It was running loose among the picketed ponies and seemed to belong to no one."

"Oh, yes," cried the boys in unison. "And it is a fine horse, too."

"I wish I owned it," said Green Crow.

"Well, that is the horse I mean, and you must let it alone," continued Bear Chief. "Not so many years ago the Omaha Indians went on a hunt with the Winnebagoes. Big Bear's son, whose name was 'Comes-Traveling-over-the-Country,' was one of the party from the Winnebagoes. This Indian was a great warrior and knew no fear. As you know, the buffalo hunters generally go out in the spring of the year when the new grass is long enough to make good grazing, so that they may have plenty of food for their horses. They take their fastest horses and go well armed, because they often meet Indians from unfriendly tribes with whom they must fight.

"So this hunting band of which I am speaking started west on the Platte River bottoms of Nebraska in the spring. In those days many herds of buffalo roamed there. The party went west as far as the

village of the Pawnee Indians who lived where Genoa, Nebraska, now is. There they all visited for a time, and there it was that this spotted horse was presented to an Omaha Indian. The horse had previously been owned by a Pawnee warrior who had been killed on its back while fighting with the Sioux.

"It was because of the tragic death of its owner that the Pawnees presented the horse to the Omaha while he was on this buffalo hunt. One day, while the Omahas and Winnebagoes were chasing the great buffalo herd, they suddenly came upon a band of Sioux warriors, and immediately a fierce battle took place. The Omaha on his spotted horse happened to get too far to one side and was chased by a small party of Sioux. While fleeing from them the horse stumbled, throwing his rider to the ground. He feigned death and was shot at by a Sioux Indian as he lay there. But the arrow went between his body and his arm. The Sioux, supposing him dead,

A CHIEF OF THE BEAR CLAN

The Bear clansmen were the soldiers of the tribe and carried some kind of weapons or soldier's sticks. The bonnet of feathers was not worn in the forests. Instead of the bonnet a headdress made from a deer tail was worn

leaped from their horses and scalped him alive, for he lay perfectly still.

"Ever after that this Indian was known as the 'Scalped Omaha.' He lived for many years among his own people and among the Winnebagoes, for he had a Winnebago wife."

"Wasn't he lucky?" chirped Green Crow. "He didn't have any more hair to take care of. But he must have been a funny-looking Indian."

"Yes, he was a queer-looking Indian. He looked a whole lot like a bald-headed white man. After the battle in which the Omaha lost his scalp, his spotted horse was presented to Comes-Traveling-over-the-Country, Big Bear's son. Comes-Traveling-over-the-Country sent the horse back home with his father, who returned with the regular hunting party in the fall of the year.

"But Comes-Traveling-over-the-Country went on farther west with a hunting band of Pawnees who were going for more buffalo, for, as I have already said, he was

a great warrior and loved adventure. And from that day to this no one has ever seen him. Some say that the war party was overtaken by an epidemic and that he died of the sickness. Others say that he was captured by the Sioux and taken west as a captive, but no one knows what really became of him. He was the last owner of the beautiful spotted horse that you saw at the dance."

"I don't want anything to do with that unlucky horse," thought each one of the boys to himself. As they said good night to the old story-teller they thanked him for telling them all the good stories about their people, and promised that they would not forget a word but would, when they were old men, tell the same stories to other boys at night about the log fire.

THE TEN BROTHERS AND THE STRANGE SISTER

"Well, sons, what story shall I tell you tonight?" asked Bear Chief, as the boys stole softly into his lodge the next evening. The night was cold and windy, but within the lodge it was cheery and warm. The fire log burned brightly. Its sparks snapped like popping corn and its smoke curled up into the shadows, then out through the smoke hole above, where it seemed to float between the stars, away, away overhead.

"Tell us something about the animals of the woods and of the prairies," answered Little Turtle. "Tell us where they all came from, and whether they, too, ever think about things as we do. Are the buffalo and the deer just animals, or are they really like us inside?"

"Well, I cannot tell you all about that, but if you will listen to the story my grandfather told me when I was a young man,

then perhaps you can answer some of your questions yourself. Anyhow, I'll tell you about the quail and some of the other animals and birds.

"Once there was a long, ten-fireplace lodge in which lived ten brothers, each one having a separate fireplace for himself. When they went out to hunt, it was the custom of the brothers to go all together along a single trail to a place some distance from the lodge. Here they would stop, seating themselves in a circle. They would smoke together, and then all would depart in different directions in search of game. In the evening they would return to this same place and come home over the single trail. The eldest brother would always bring a buffalo, then would follow the next younger brother with a moose, and the third with a bear. The fourth brother would bring a black-tailed deer, and so on down to the youngest brother, who would always bring a quail. Thus they lived, each day going on the chase.

"One day, as the eldest brother returned in the evening with his usual pack of buffalo, he discovered a woman sitting outside the lodge, so he rushed the last few steps home and greeted her. 'Oh, sister, I am so glad you have come,' said he, and, after inviting her into the lodge, he hurried about and cooked the tongue of the buffalo that he had just brought. When it was ready, he placed it before her, but said, 'Sister, it would seem as if I meant to discourage your eating, but, little sister, please do not eat too much, for my brothers are yet to come.' So, after taking only a few bites from the tongue, she put it aside.

"And sure enough, she had no more than stopped eating when the second brother came. As soon as he came within hearing distance, the eldest brother shouted to him and told him about the arrival of their sister. The second brother rushed home, and, after greeting her, he also quickly cooked for her the tongue of the moose that he had brought. Thus it went on with each

brother. As he came home, each brother cooked for her the tongue of the animal that he had brought, until at last there was only the tenth, or youngest, brother left.

"Finally, late in the evening, he came home and the eldest brother told him also of the arrival of their sister and of how each brother had cooked something for her. But the tenth brother did not make any reply or even cook for his sister. Instead, to the surprise of the others, he ignored her altogether.

"Thus things went on until one day the ninth brother asked the youngest why he ignored their sister. The youngest brother replied, 'Our eldest brother has counseled us from the time we were little, and he has told us all the things that he knew, but not until the arrival of this woman did I know that I had a sister. She may not be what she seems. Maybe she is not really our sister.'

"Thus they argued with him day after day as they sat in the woods before they

separated for the hunt. At first they were angry with him, then they laughed at his doubts, but at last they admitted that he might be right after all.

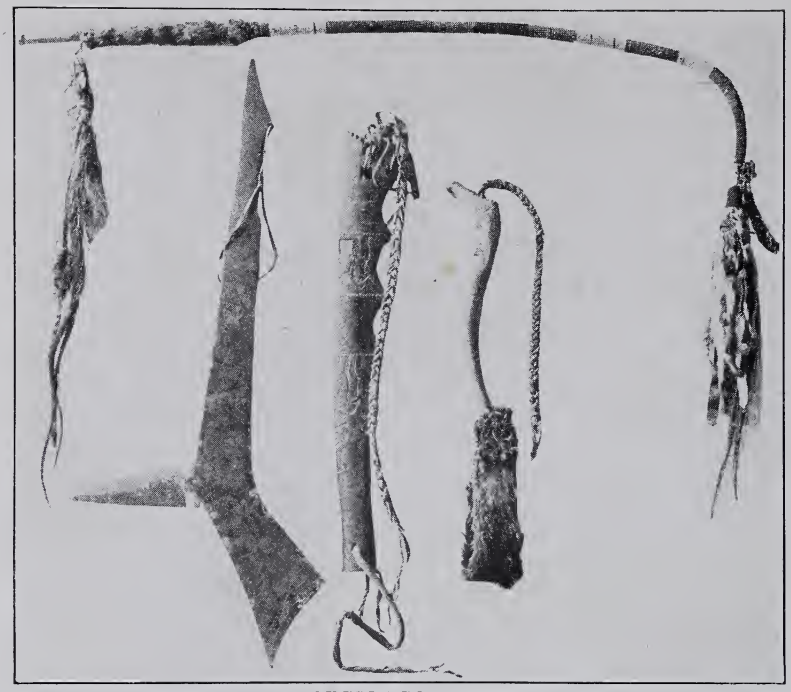
"He finally won over all his brothers except the eldest one, who still continued to regard the woman as his sister. But at last, one day, as they sat smoking before they departed on the chase, he asked his brothers their reasons for suspecting her. They told him that he was the eldest and had told them from time to time all that he knew of things in general, but that he had never mentioned a sister. For that reason they supposed that she was an impostor.

"And thus, at last, the eldest brother, too, was won over to their way of thinking, and they decided to send back a spy to see what the woman was doing in their absence. They decided to send their youngest brother, so he turned himself into a little bird and flew to the top of their lodge, where he alighted and listened. Lo and behold, the woman was talking over to herself her

plan for killing them all that same evening. 'I will waylay them on their way home and kill them one at a time, which will be easy, but I wonder if I will be able to kill the youngest brother. Ah! He might even now be somewhere around listening to me,' said she.

"The little brother then flew back to the others and reported the woman's plan to kill them that evening. The brothers held a hurried council and decided to leave for other parts of the country right then and there. They agreed to travel in different directions in order not to leave such a plain trail. Each evening they were to come together, and start again in the same fashion the following morning. Having decided all this, the ten brothers took their departure at once.

"In the meantime the woman waited for their return to kill them, but they did not come. She grew more and more impatient and finally realized that they must have run away. Raising her skirts up to her



WINNEBAGO WHIPS

Many of the Winnebago whips were used by the Indians as weapons of defense. Sometimes these whips were made from the arm bone of an enemy

knees to enable her to run freely, she took an elkhorn war club and gave chase, muttering all the while threats that they should not escape her. She ran over the single trail to the place where they always had separated, and, sure enough, there were their

trails leading in different directions. Taking up one of the trails, she rapidly followed it.

"The brothers had traveled ever so far, and were coming together for the night when the woman finally came in sight of them. As she ran, she called to them, 'You might as well give up, for I will overtake you no matter where you go.'

"'Brothers,' said the eldest one, 'it is going to be very difficult, so come together here.' And as they came into a group, Ku-nu, the eldest brother, exerted himself and changed them all into buffaloes, and they started to run on again. As they ran they mingled with other buffaloes which were running wild, and these animals soon got tired and stopped. But the brothers continued to run on for a great distance until they were tired of being buffaloes, when once more they ran on as people. Even then the woman gained upon them.

"The second brother then called them together, and this time they ran away as a herd of moose, mingling with other wild

moose to cover their tracks. After a time the third brother exerted himself, and they were turned into bears and then, of course, ran through thick timber and brush land as bears are wont to do. The fourth brother helped them to run as black-tailed deer, and then, as each brother in turn exerted himself, they ran as different animals.

"But the woman gained upon them constantly until each one of the brothers save the tenth had tried his power. Then the eldest cried, 'Oh, little brother, I beseech you to try to do something to help us!'

"So the little brother, by whistling, 'Bobwhite, bobwhite,' changed the brothers into a flock of quail, and thus they flew off. But the eldest brother was heavy and had to run for some distance before he was able to rise from the ground, and the woman nearly caught him.

"They flew for a long way until finally they alighted in a very tall tree on top of a high cliff. There they were resting in the branches when the woman came up and

struck the tree with such force that they nearly dropped off. This she continued to do until the eldest brother again appealed to the youngest to try to do something, so the youngest brother began to whistle again, 'Bobwhite, bobwhite, bobwhite, bobwhite.' At the fourth whistle there appeared in the west a dark cloud. Before long there came a heavy storm with lightnings and thunders, and the lightning or thunder birds struck the woman dead, thus saving the ten brothers.

"Coming down from the tree, they started back for their home and, though it was a great distance away, finally reached it safely. There they held a council, and the eldest brother said, 'Well, brothers, we came here on earth to enjoy its food, and we have had our fill so far as meat is concerned, but as yet we have tasted little of the vegetation, so let us henceforth go out as beings which eat such things.'

"And they started forth in the form of different animals. The eldest brother was

a buffalo, the second was a moose, the third was a bear, the fourth was a black-tailed deer, each brother taking the form of one of the animals they had been when they fled. The youngest brother went forth as a quail, and even to this day the Indians say that it is a sure sign of rain when a quail whistles. And the fact that the eldest brother was not able to rise quickly from the ground, but ran so far before flying, is the reason given for quail sometimes running so far before they begin to fly."

CO-NO, THE SPIRIT OF GAMBLING

"Now, grandsons," said Bear Chief, as the boys came again for their evening story, "I have decided to tell you tonight about Co-no, who was an evil spirit. There are many kinds of evil spirits and you will come to know them as you grow older. Some people do not call them 'evil spirits,' but 'bad habits' instead.

"The Great Spirit created the earth and all things, and when this was finished he then created man. But this man he found to be imperfect and not made as he should be, so he cast him aside to the north, as imperfect or unfinished. The Great Spirit then made man as he is today and found him satisfactory. The man first created and cast aside, however, did not die, but lived on, and this imperfect being, created by the Great Spirit, became the source of all evil.

"After a time some evil things began to appear among the people, and one of them

An Indian medicine pouch decorated with beads

came in the form of a man, and was named Co-no. This Co-no lived on the earth and went about among the Indians, gambling with them at whatever game they could play. Because he was a powerful spirit, he won from them their wampum and other possessions. There came at last a time when he had won all their smaller possessions from them, so that the people did not know what else to put up as stakes in their games. Then Co-no suggested to them that he was willing to play them for their rights in all the things that grew upon Mother Earth, such as squashes, corn, beans, and all other vegetables, also the fruits and trees, as well as the animals. In fact, he would play for all the things of the earth which were of benefit to the Indians.

"So, hoping to win back from him some of the things they had lost, the people consented to play with him again. Co-no thus began to win from them the necessities of life. First they lost the corn, which was their main food; then the squashes and beans and the fruits; and finally all the fishes of the waters and the smaller animals like the muskrats, rabbits, beavers, fawns, and so on, even to the larger animals like the deer, antelopes, moose, buffaloes. Thus Co-no won from them, one at a time, the things of the earth until he had won even all the trees, and there was nothing left save the people themselves.

"Next Co-no offered to play for the women. So, in hope of winning back the things they had lost, and because they had nothing upon which to exist, neither food, clothing, firewood, bark or skins for shelter, nor any other thing except their own bodies, the men consented, and once more the game was started. The men put forth their uttermost efforts, but Co-no began to win, and

by the end of the fourth day he had won all the women of the people, thus leaving only the men, who knew not what to do.

"Then Co-no began to gather his winnings together, and he took all the corn that grew on the earth and put it into one small field by his lodge in order to guard it, and he did likewise with all the other things. He took all the maples and other sap-bearing trees and made one large tree out of them, from which the sap flowed in a thick syrup. Then he took all the women and girls and made them into one beautiful woman whom he took as his wife to keep house for him. Thus lived Co-no with all the earthly things, which he guarded so closely that the men began to suffer and to starve.

"It was then that some of the good spirits, aware of these conditions, decided to help their people. So he who is known as the Rabbit, the son of the Great Spirit, with the Turtle, called Kae-cha-gae-ga, the Thunder, Ha-shootch-ga, and Red Horn,

Wak-jon-ka-gah, another son of the Great Spirit, as well as many other powerful and good spirits, came among the people as human beings and challenged Co-no to a game. Co-no wondered what they had to play for. When he asked them, they replied

Woven bags made by the Indians

that inasmuch as he had won all they had save their bodies, they would therefore put up themselves, for there was no use of living on. And they said that, should he win, they would become his slaves. At this Co-no was much delighted. They therefore set a day for the game.

"When the day for the game arrived, the Rabbit and his allies, with all the people, were there on one side, and Co-no

and his allies, the evil spirits, or bad habits, were arrayed on the other side. Co-no suggested that they play the 'Jack-straw' game. This is the game, you know, my grandsons, where we drop down a handful of sticks and then force a pointed stick down through the middle of the pile to divide out an odd or an even number.

"When all was ready the sticks were dropped, and Co-no was the first to play. He had brought the Partridge to do the playing for him. The Partridge, instead of using a pointed stick as is usual, forced his bill down through the center of the pile and separated out an even number. But the Turtle, who was there aiding his people, took such a long, deep breath that he drew one of the sticks away, making an odd number for the Partridge and Co-no. Great was their surprise and disappointment at this, for they had never failed to make their point before.

"It was then the people's turn to play, so the Rabbit brought forth an extremely

tall blue Crane with a very long bill to divide the sticks for him. The Crane stepped up and forced his long bill down through the center of the sticks, dividing out an even dozen. Thus the first day of the game was one of victory for the people, and they went home with a great many of their former possessions. Now Co-no was very anxious for another game, so another day to play was set.

"On the day set for the second game, all the good spirits and the bad ones, too, came again. Co-no wanted to play the game of 'Stare,' in which the opponents must sit and stare at each other with wide-open eyes. The people drew aside to counsel together, for they were sure that Co-no would use the Owl, who could keep his eyes open without blinking longer than any other being in the world. And they were in doubt as to whom they could use that would stand such a long strain of staring. Finally the Thunder, Ha-shootch-ga, who was there to help, said that if anyone could stand it for half a

day, or until noon, then he could exert himself to overcome their opponent. Then Wak-jon-ka-gah spoke up and said he could stand it until the middle of the day. The Thunder being told Wak-jon-ka-gah to stir in his seat as soon as he grew tired after the middle of the day. This would be a signal for help. Thus prepared, they arrayed the combatants in the game.

"As had been expected, Co-no brought forth the Owl as his gamester. The opponents sat staring at each other all the fore part of the day without ever closing their eyes or winking even the least little bit, until a little after noon, when Wak-jon-ka-gah shifted around in his seat. Co-no's followers, taking this as a sign of weakness, sent up a shout of joy. It was then that the Thunder being exerted his power, and by shooting a raindrop into the Owl's eye made him wink. All the people sent up a great shout of joy, for they had won the day. Co-no disputed the fairness of this act on the part of the Thunder being, but

the Turtle, who was very talkative, finally convinced him that Wak-jon-ka-gah really had won.

"Again the happy people went home, this time bearing a great many more of their former possessions. And then, as was to be expected, Co-no challenged them to another game on the morrow.

"Upon arriving at their home, the Rabbit and his friends planned the morrow's game, finally deciding to play it in the lodge of the Forked Man, which stood within a large hill. This Forked Man, who was clever and powerful, was so named because he had two bodies on one pair of legs. These bodies were complete, each with a pair of arms and a head.

"The Rabbit and his friends told the Forked Man to stay away from home so that they might go into his lodge to play. They also instructed him to come home late in the afternoon and to pretend to be very angry at the players for entering his home. Now this was all so planned because

Co-no was a very clever and powerful being, and his opponents wanted the game to be broken up before it was finished.

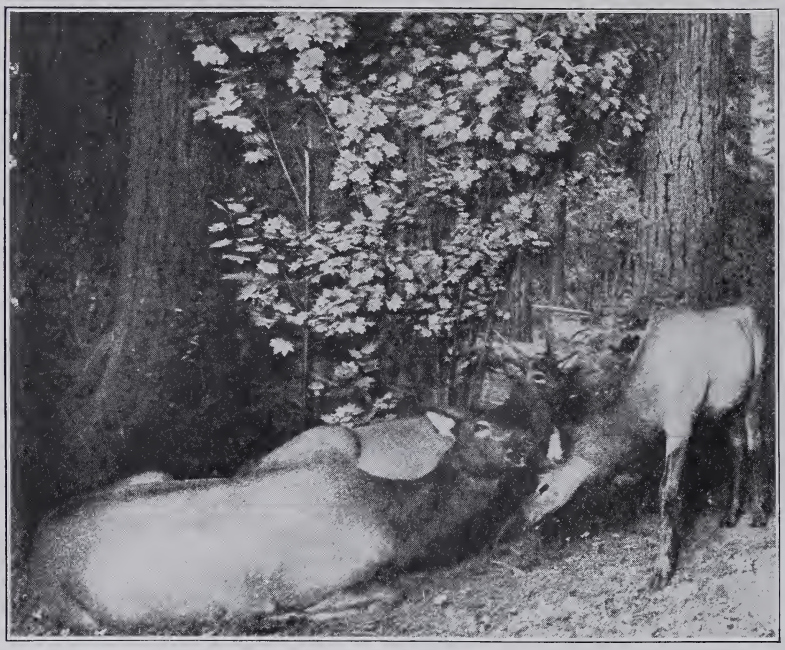
"The next day, according to their plans, Co-no was asked to come and play the game at the lodge of the Forked Man. To this he agreed, and soon after his arrival the bets were all placed and the gambling began.

"'Peg' was the game. They used a small, four-sided peg numbered on each side and with pointed ends, so that when it was struck with a stick it would fly up. When it fell the number on the side that was up counted points for the one that had struck the peg. It was an exciting game, and Co-no and his opponents played and played, sometimes losing and sometimes winning. The game was at a winning point for the Rabbit and his friends when the Forked Man returned. As soon as he came in he yelled at them very angrily, brandishing a huge club, and asking who gave them permission to gamble in his lodge. Finally he

ordered them all out. This confusion and excitement gave the Rabbit and his friends an opportunity to grab the stakes and run away. Thus they overcame Co-no for the third time.

"They had now won back everything but the woman, and the Rabbit decided to try his arts in winning her away from Co-no. He went to her while Co-no was away and courted her, but she would not listen to him. A second and third time he went, but was still unsuccessful. So the fourth time he dressed himself up and changed his features until he looked exactly like Co-no. Then he went and hid near the lodge. Soon Co-no left, but not without first cautioning his wife against the wiles of the Rabbit.

"Co-no had no more than gone out of sight when the Rabbit went into the lodge, but the woman thought it was her husband. Imitating the voice of Co-no, the Rabbit said, 'In afterthought I decided to come back and get you, for this Rabbit is really



A group of elks

very clever, and he might deceive you some way. So you had better come with me.' The woman, thinking it was Co-no, got ready and followed him away.

"This was how the wily Rabbit and his allies won back the woman from Co-no. Everything else, as you know, had already been won back and distributed among the people."

in the forest

Courtesy Field Museum of Natural History

"Wasn't there any trouble when the things were distributed, Bear Chief?" asked Little Turtle. "Did everyone get just what he had had before?"

"Well, now, there was some trouble, I remember, for it was then that the Elk lost his front teeth; you know, he has none now in his upper jaw. He was greedy and wanted some things different from what

they had been before. Among other foolish ideas, he thought he would like to eat the flesh of man. So the Rabbit went out and gathered some very sour berries, the juice of which he offered to the Elk, saying, 'If you wish to make the flesh of human beings your food through life, here is some of their blood. Try it.' When the Elk drank the juice, it knocked out all of his front teeth, so he decided not to eat human flesh, as even the blood was too strong. Those teeth have never grown back in.

Courtesy Field Museum of Natural History

A family of black bears

"And the Bear had consented to give his flesh for human food, but he wanted no daylight, but night all the time. Then when the people wanted any of his meat to eat all they would need to do would be to reach out into the dark behind their lodge seats and drag him forth, pulling him by the hair. But the councilors said, 'Not so, Bear! You are too bad tempered to endure that very long.'

"But at last things got distributed among the people about as we have them today, but even now Co-no gambles with us through our own laziness, waste, and other bad habits."

"That was a good story, Bear Chief," said Red Bird. "I well understand why everyone says you are the best story-teller among our people."

"But you must not forget, boys," reminded Bear Chief, "that often the bad spirits are in our own hearts and, unless we are watchful and strong-hearted, they will make us do bad things. We must learn to do only what the good spirits tell us. Good night, grandsons."

THE MOONS

"Bear Chief, please tell us another story," begged Green Crow. "You see, we have brought a great pile of wood for the fire tonight, and today while we were hunting along the creek we gathered willow bark for you to dry and make into kinnikinnick to smoke during the long days of winter. Will you tell us how the months were made?"

"Well, well, my grandsons," the old man answered, as he looked into the eager faces of Green Crow, Little Turtle, Red Bird, and Flying Cloud, "I thought every boy knew all about that."

"We think we do know," piped up Little Turtle, "but we want to hear your story, and then we will be sure we are right. We'll be quiet while you tell us."

"Ho! Ho! Ho! It certainly looks as though I could not get out of it this time. This is the way my grandfather told me the story.

"A long, long time ago the good spirits and the bad ones divided things among themselves, but sometimes they did not agree, for the evil spirits wanted too much; they were selfish. One day they all held a council to decide how long the seasons should be. The Wild Turkey strutted out before all the others, spreading his tail feathers. He said that the year should have as many moons in it as there were spots on his tail feathers.

"But the councilors said that would be much too long. Then the Partridge strutted out as had the Turkey, and wanted as many moons, or months, as there were spots in his tail. But the spirits said that his tail was too large, also, and had too many spots.

"Then the little Chipmunk ran out into a sunny spot among them. When he talked he squealed with his funny little voice, and each time he squealed he jerked his tail up over his back, just as chipmunks always do. He wasn't really bragging, but you

Notice the stripes on the back of the little chipmunk. He has six yellowish-white stripes and six black ones—as many as there are months in the year

could see that he was just a little proud of his shiny coat, his bushy tail, and the handsome stripes along his back. In his squeaky little voice he suggested that every year have as many moons as there were stripes on his back. There were, as you well know, six yellowish-white stripes and six black ones. The councilors said they

guessed that it would be about right to have twelve moons, or months, every year, and that the white stripes could be the winter months, and the black stripes the summer months.

"Now which one of you boys is sure he can name for me the first three months of our summer?"

"I can," sang out Little Turtle, as he began to count on his fingers. "First comes the Planting Moon, Wo-ju-je-we-ra, when the women and girls plant the seeds of corn, squash, and all the other good things. The white men call this moon May. Then comes—"

"Oh, but we also call that moon My-ta-woos-we-ra, the Drying Moon," interrupted Green Crow. "Don't you know, that's when all the rain and the water from the melting snow is dried up?"

"You keep still, Green Crow," cried Little Turtle, "you will get your turn. I was just going to say that after the Planting Moon comes the month when the corn

must be hoed and when the strawberries are red. June is not near so good a name for it as My-ra-oon-we-ra. And then comes the hot month when the chokeberries are ripe in the woods, when the wild geese drop their feathers, which we find floating along the lake, and when the corn grows its plumes or tassels. And I know its name, Wixo-tee-ra."

Here Bear Chief held up his hand for order, for each of the other boys wanted to name the rest of the moons. "Red Bird," said he, "you name the other three black stripes of the chipmunk's back, which are also summer months."

"The fourth moon," said Red Bird, "is We-ta-jox-he-we-ra. This is when we roast the ears of corn over the fire, and when we have our feasts, and open the Sacred Bundles and pray for good health and peace."

"That is right—very good," nodded Bear Chief. "And what do we call the time when the rice is laid up to dry?"

"Oh, that is Psin-na-ke-tu-we-ra. The white people call it September, and it has many other names. If you had asked me when the bobolinks and blackbirds were getting ready to fly away for winter, I would have said, Ho-zaza-kay-we-ra. Or I might have told you it was the moon, called Ho-wy-zhook-we-ra, when the elk calls through the woods for his mate. And then comes the most pleasant moon of all, the Indian summer. It's not too hot then, nor too cold. The fishing and hunting are good, and the smoke of the camp fire makes a blue haze wherever you look. It is Cha-my-na-xo-we-ra, the Deer-digging Moon."

Now all the boys tried to speak at once.

"All right, Little Turtle," said Bear Chief, "you show us whether or not you know the first three white stripes of the Chipmunk, the winter months."

"Cha-kee-roo-xay-we-ra," replied Little Turtle, "is the month when the deer mate and when all the corn, squashes, beans,

dried berries, and roots of the sweet flag and water lily are put away for the winter. That is the moon when we move into our warm and snug winter lodges.

A WINNEBAGO CALENDAR STICK AND FAMILY AGE RECORD

The notches on the front of the stick represent moons, or months; those on the sides, years. Some Indians cut the yearly notch when the first thunder of the season was heard.

Sometimes four or six-sided sticks were used, one side being used for each member of the family. These calendar or record sticks were handed down from one generation to another.

"Then comes Cha-hayo-wak-sho-we-ra, when the deer shed their antlers. In this month comes the white man's Christmas, but I like it because the hunters come in with fat venison and bear and elk, and the women make warm winter clothes from the furs, tanning them with the brains of the animals.

"And the next white stripe on the Chipmunk's back is Honch-we-cho-nee-we-ra, when the young bears are born. Sometimes we call it We-ter-i-we-ra, the hard or cold month."

"That was well done, my son, and you must remember that when the young bears are born we who are members of the Bear clan have our big feast in honor of the Bear Spirit. We cover our faces with charcoal to show our humility, and ask him to protect the women and children, to bring us plenty of game for our hunters, and, should we be attacked, to make our weapons sharp for our defense.

"And now you are last, Flying Cloud. See if you can name the other three moons of the year."

"The other boys had the easy ones," answered he, "but I can do my part just as well as they did. The fourth white stripe of the Chipmunk's back is for Honch-we-ra-gnee-ra, the second Bear Moon, and the next stripe is for the Raccoon Moon,

Wa-kay-kee-roo-xay-we-ra, when the trappers get most of their skins, and the young people make love to each other. And the last moon is the time when the wild geese have returned and are laying their eggs. We do not call it April but a much better name, Ho-ro-gee-nah-we-ra."

"That was good, my son. You have said nothing while the other boys wanted to talk, and this shows that you have learned a valuable lesson—to say little and to think a great deal.

"Before we let the fire burn down, I'll tell you all why there is a large full moon every month and why it gets smaller. When the moon is full, the evil spirits begin to nibble at it, to put out its light, for evil spirits like the darkness best. Each night they eat away a part of the moon, until in two weeks it is almost gone. But the Great Spirit will not permit them to take advantage of the darkness to go about the world doing mischief, so he makes a new moon. He makes a little of it each

night for the next two weeks until finally a big new moon hangs in the sky again. Then he rests, and the evil spirits begin all over again.

"Boys, our wood is all burned up, and out in that big oak tree I hear the owl calling. Listen! Hear that 'Who-o-o-o! Who-o-o-o!' It is time for us all to go to sleep. Good night, my sons. Come again tomorrow night for another story."

"We'll surely do that, Bear Chief," the boys called as they left his lodge. "Good night."

THE ORIGIN OF CORN

The day following the story of the moons the boys went out with their bows and arrows to while away the long day, for they could hardly wait for the next story that Bear Chief had promised them. They went down to the ravine to see if Green Crow's arrow was still caught in the big elm tree. If the arrow was there they would try to shoot it down. They chatted merrily as they went along, and soon reached the place. Sure enough, the arrow was still there, lodged up in the branches of the big tree. Then the boys began to shoot at the arrow in an effort to dislodge it. It was such great fun that the boys lost all sense of time, and it was nearly noon when Little Turtle finally hit the arrow and brought it to the ground. But he had shot with such force that he had cracked the point of the arrow and thus had made it useless for further shooting.

Little Turtle shooting at the arrow lodged in the big elm tree

"I just know that Little Turtle broke my arrow on purpose, because it was such a good one and so well feathered that when he wanted to trade one of his poor arrows for it I refused him," complained Green Crow. But Little Turtle replied that if Green Crow's arrow was such a good one he, himself, ought to have shot it down long before.

By this time the boys' stomachs were beginning to call for food, so they idled along toward camp, playing that familiar old game of Indian boys of seeing how many shots it took to shoot their way back. Before they parted for their different lodges Green Crow said, "I wonder what story Bear Chief will tell us tonight."

"I don't know," replied Flying Cloud, "but he said it would be a good one, so I am satisfied." And he started for his father's lodge, while the other boys also went their separate ways.

That evening four expectant and eager boys were headed for Bear Chief's lodge.

Green Crow led the way, for their many visits had given him much courage.

"Ho, ho," Bear Chief greeted them from his usual place as they entered and took their seats. "Well, grandsons, how did you spend the day?"

"We were very busy, Bear Chief," answered Flying Cloud. "Do you remember the first day you asked us to fast for a story?"

"Yes," answered Bear Chief.

"Well, that day Green Crow lodged one of his arrows in a tree, and today we went to shoot it down. The time went so fast that it was late in the afternoon before we got home, and we certainly were hungry."

"And that corn my mother gave me for supper surely was good," added Red Bird.

"Corn, corn," said Bear Chief. "That is what I am going to tell you about this evening, grandsons, and I am glad Red Bird mentioned it, for I am going to begin my story now. Corn is one of the most wonderful gifts made to the Indian race

by the Great Spirit. Almost all Indian tribes have some beautiful legend about it, the legends varying with each tribe. I shall tell you the legend as it is told by our own people, the Winnebagoes.

"In one of my other stories I told you about how the evil spirits have always worked against human beings, and about how the good spirits have always helped the people. After one of these periods of great warfare between the good and evil spirits, in which the evil ones were defeated and overcome, the good spirits went about to organize a lodge, or society, known as the Sacred Medicine Lodge. You will learn much more about this society as you grow older.

Corn, the Great Spirit's gift to the Indian

"The good spirits all met together and each one

contributed some good thing or some power to aid the people in overcoming bad things. And it is said that it was at this large gathering that the great Mother Earth came as a woman. After each spirit had made its gift, it came the turn of Mother Earth to contribute hers. She stepped forth and addressed the leading spirit, saying, 'Look, grandson, look upon my breast.' And as the chief spirit looked, there sprang forth from the breast of Mother Earth a plant which grew bigger and higher. Then there came forth leaves and tassels, and an ear of corn, all ripe and ready to eat, formed on its stalk. 'This, grandson,' she said, 'I give to your people that they may use it as food as long as they exist.'

"All the spirits present responded, 'Ho, ho, ho! Great Mother Earth, you have contributed one of the most important foods of the human race.'

"Now, boys," said Bear Chief, "I have told you the legend of the origin of Indian corn, or maize as our people call

it, but I wonder if any of you know how it is preserved to keep for a long time."

"I do!" cried Green Crow. "My mother boils the ears in a large kettle when it is just coming out of the roasting-ear stage. Then she shells it off from the cob and dries it in the sun."

"That's quite right, Green Crow. Now, Red Bird, do you know of another way?" asked Bear Chief.

"Yes, Bear Chief. My mother boils the hardened kernels of the corn in hard-wood ashes until the little skins, or hulls, come off. Then she cleans it and boils it over into a nice hominy."

"You, too, are right, Red Bird. Now let us hear from Little Turtle."

"Well, I saw my mother once roast the corn and then dry it and put it away," said Little Turtle.

"Now, Flying Cloud, let's hear from you."

"Well, last roasting-ear time my father dug a deep pit in the earth about up to

his shoulders and about as wide as twice the length of my little bow. Then we all went out and gathered many stones and much wood. And then we gathered a lot of corn and piled it by the pit. What fun we had husking the corn! My father braided a long whip for me out of the green husks.

A wooden mortar and pestle made by Indians

"When all the corn was husked and ready, my father built a terribly hot fire in the pit and threw in the stones on top of the fire. When the stones were red hot he picked out all the stubs of the wood which had not burned up. Then he placed a layer of green husks over the hot stones, and upon the husks he piled the corn and then another layer of husks. Through the layers of husks he made holes all along the edge of the pit in line with the four

directions of the compass, north, east, west, and south, with another hole in the center. Then he made us sit down while he poured water into the holes, for he said it was the custom to do so. Oh, what a great, roaring sound the steam made when it blew off through the holes! And my father said, 'Ho, our champion has come,' just as is always said at that time.

"After the water had been poured in, my father hurriedly covered the whole pit with dirt. It was customary, he told us, to open the pit before sunrise the next morning. So we did this, and oh, how delicious the corn was! I just could not get enough of it. But we had to shell it off from the cobs with clam shells and spread it out on rush mattings to dry in the sun."

"Grandson, you have just related in full one of the oldest methods of drying corn; it was done in this way long before we were able to get the white man's kettles to use.

"Now, boys, it is growing late, and we must all get to bed. I must urge you again to dwell upon these stories in your minds, so that you may remember them a long, long time."

"Don't worry, Bear Chief, we'll surely do that," put in Little Turtle.

"Good for you, Little Turtle. I'm sure you will be a great man some day. Good night."

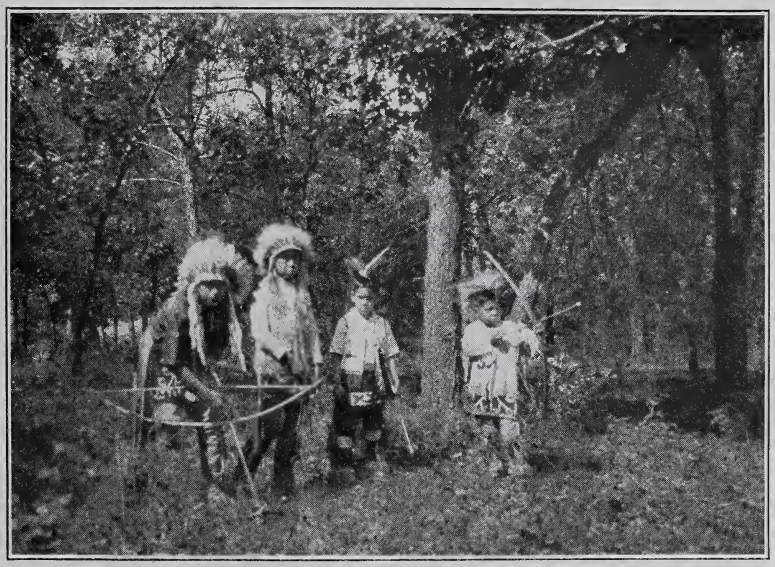
THE QUARREL ABOUT A NAME

One morning not long after this Flying Cloud was up bright and early. It was his habit to be up early, for his father was a chief, or leader, of the tribe and saw to it that the boy should be an example for all other boys. But Flying Cloud was still only a boy, and his father had not yet taught him many of the small things a man should know. So he could hardly be blamed for getting into a quarrel with Green Crow over whose name was the best. This is how it came about.

The four boys were roaming about the woods that morning, learning to read all the signs to be found there by sharp eyes. There were tracks in the soft mud near the springs of water, where the animals had come during the night to drink. There were tramped-down places in the thickets where the rabbits ran. There were fresh scratchings at old rotten logs where skunks

had hunted for beetles and the large white grubs in the wood. And there were many places where foxes had tried to dig out woodchucks from their burrows. Fresh scratches on one tree told that some large animal had tried to crawl up in a hurry. The boys thought it must have been a porcupine.

As they were looking for the porcupine they saw a crow's nest in the top branches of this big oak. Thinking that perhaps



The boys saw a crow's nest in the top of a big oak tree and began to shoot into it

Mr. Porcupine might be fast asleep in the crow's nest, they began to shoot into it. But no "porky" was there, and no crows. Flying Cloud it was who shot away the last twigs of the nest. And as he did so he said, "Let it go, fellows. It is only a crow's nest, and I for one don't like crows anyhow."

"Do you mean me? My name is Crow," snapped Green Crow. "A crow is just as good as a cloud, any time."

"But my name is a chief's name, and is much better than yours ever can be," retorted Flying Cloud.

Thus they quarreled back and forth until they almost came to blows. Little Turtle and Red Bird grew tired of their foolish, angry talk, and to put a stop to it they interfered.

"Oh, come on back to camp," they said, "and tell your troubles to Bear Chief. He knows all about names, and he knows whose name is best. If one of us is a Cloud, another a Turtle, and two of us are

named after birds, there must be a reason. Let's find out and stop quarreling about it."

Flying Cloud readily agreed to this plan, but Green Crow objected, just as he usually did to anything anybody else suggested. He always was sure he knew and was right, even if he wasn't. But at last he agreed, and the four boys turned their steps homeward. They found Bear Chief stretching over a willow frame the skin of a beaver he had caught the night before.

"Ho, ho, ho, grandsons. I was just thinking about you, and wondering what mischief you might be in this time. This beaver skin made me think about the story of the Otter and the Beaver. But first tell me what brings you here so early in the day."

Neither Green Crow nor Flying Cloud wanted to tell about their quarrel, but Little Turtle quickly told the chief what the trouble was.

"Now isn't my name just as good as Flying Cloud's?" whined Green Crow.

"Your name is just as good as you make it. You can make it a good name or you can make it one to be ashamed of," slowly answered the old man. "Have you not yet learned how we all get our names?"

"No, we have not, and I for one would certainly like to know," said Red Bird looking at the other boys, who nodded in assent.

"Come to my lodge this evening, grandsons, and I'll tell you what your names mean. But it is a sacred story, and we must have plenty of wood to make enough smoke. The good spirits, who will also be listening, will feel honored by the smoke. And you boys must end your quarreling, for many a worthy matter has been ruined by a quarrel between friends."

The boys felt better by this time, for they had told their troubles to some one else. As they left, they all wanted to rub their hands on the beaver skin and admire it, and they wondered what Bear Chief planned to use it for. Soon they had

stacked up a large pile of wood, enough to make smoke for many, many spirits, or maybe to last Bear Chief over several evenings. And they noticed that as soon as Green Crow had something else to do and to think about, he forgot to be sulky.

It was still only dusk when the boys made their way to Bear Chief's lodge. Clouds of gnats danced before their faces, overhead a nighthawk circled in search of his supper, and off in the woods a screech owl cried out in his loneliness. In the dried leaves near at hand faint rustlings told that the smaller prowlers were stirring. But in his lodge the old story-teller had a bright fire blazing, and awaited them at the far side of his hearth.

"Grandsons," said he, "I am glad to see you happier than you were this morning; this is as it should be. As for the story, I had planned to tell you about the Otter and the Beaver, but that can wait for another time. This evening you want to learn about your names.

Bennett photograph

Ku-nu, the eldest son, and Hi-nu, the eldest daughter, of a Winnebago family

"First, there are the birth names, which are the same in all families of the Winnebago tribe. The first male child, or boy, is always called Ku-nu. And, since four is the sacred number with us, there are four names, in this order: Ku-nu, He-nu, Ha-ga, and Nan-xi. And the four names for the daughters are: Hi-nu, Wi-ha, Ak-sia-ga, and Hi-nunka.

"If there should be more than four boys, the fifth one would be Nan-xi's little brother, or Little Nan-xi, the sixth would be the little brother of the fifth, or Little, Little Nan-xi, and the seventh would be the little brother of the sixth, and the eighth would have still another 'little' added to his name, or something which means the same.

"And if there should be more than four sisters, they would all be little sisters of the fourth, named as the boys were. The fifth would thus be Little Hi-nunka, the sixth would be Little, Little Hi-nunka, and the others would have more and more 'littles' added to the Hi-Nunka.

"The second system of naming is by the clans, or groups of families. The Great Spirit has seen fit to create many different peoples in different places, who like different things and speak different languages. So it is with us. He has given to some of us a love for the woods, to others a love for the lakes and waters. We think the

most about the things we know the best, and we express our thoughts with the aid of those things we have known from childhood. It was believed by our forefathers that when the Great Spirit created the earth and all the things that are on it he also created the people and told them that they were to live upon it. And as it was very necessary to distinguish between one another, we were to choose some animal or bird or creature of the waters for which to name ourselves. So each of us is named, you see, after some color or habit of our clan namesake. One of you boys is 'Little Turtle,' one is 'Red Bird,' another 'Green Crow,' and one is 'Flying Cloud.'

"The clans which are named after the things of the earth or of the waters are known as the lower clans. Those named after the birds or the thunder are the upper clans. And each clan has some particular work to do in the tribe. Some are chiefs, others are warriors, runners, or heralds, but none is greater than another. A thunder

A Winnebago chief with his son and daughter. They are all in buckskin holiday dress

clansman can be named 'Flying Cloud,' you see. I, myself, am Bear Chief, of the Bear clan.

"No one name can be greater than any other, and I am very glad that the quarrel among you has passed without any further trouble, and that you came to me to get the true story about your names. But here is another way of naming people, and I warn you that there one name may mean more than another. You must be careful, for each of you will earn the name that you get.

"Should an enemy come by surprise and attack the village, each warrior is expected to spring to action and defend his people. Should he overcome his enemy or by some other worthy act defend his people, then he is entitled to choose for himself some name fitting or appropriate to his deed. The people will thereafter respect this name and the man who earns it, and he will be honored in the ceremonies and councils of his tribe.

"And now, grandsons, heed carefully the fourth kind of a name you may be given. Should you be lazy and worthless, with no ambition or aim in life, or should you be a coward or a thief or a liar, or should you be boastful in telling of your deeds, the people will soon learn your fault. The women and children will call you by your birth name, but will add to it the word for your bad habit. This name will follow you to your grave, and you will be known as 'Ku-nu the Coward,' or 'He-nu the Boaster,' or perhaps something worse. And even though you may change your wrong ways and correct your bad habit, yet will the bad name always stay yours. So, grandsons, watch out. Be careful that no such disgrace comes to you.

"As I have said before, we are a people who speak by means of stories. As you go on through life, when you sit by your lodge fires on such evenings as this you will hear in your memories the voice of Bear Chief telling these stories. But now it is

getting late, and I am sure we do not want to be called 'Nighthawks,' so we must all get to bed."

"Bear Chief, before we go I want to thank you for your story," said Green Crow. "I shall not boast after this that my name is better than that of some one else, as I did this morning."

"Neither shall I," added Flying Cloud. "Nor I," "Nor I," put in the other boys.

"That is good, grandsons. Don't forget to come tomorrow night for the story of the Otter and the Beaver. Good night."

THE OTTER AND THE BEAVER

On the day after the boys had quarreled and had heard Bear Chief's story about their names, they spent most of their time at home helping their mothers. It was such a fine day that Flying Cloud's mother took advantage of it to tan a deerskin she had been keeping for just such weather.

The hair of the deerskin she had taken off before by rubbing over it a paste of wood ashes and water, and then scraping it with the sharp edge of a clam shell. Today she was rubbing off the flesh and fat from the inside of the skin, and kneading into it on both sides the brains of the deer. Flying Cloud had broken open the deer's skull with a heavy stone ax and had taken out the brains, for, you know, the brains of an animal are said to be the best means for tanning its skin.

The next step was to make a frame on which to stretch the hide. Flying Cloud

and his mother had gone to the woods and cut four poles of ash, each one about the thickness of the boy's arm and twice as long. These poles they tied together to make a square frame, using cords made out of the strong fibers of the basswood bark. The frame was a little larger than the deerskin, but when Flying Cloud's mother had punched holes all around the outer edge of the hide and had begun to lace it to the frame with strong thongs of buckskin, the hide slowly stretched until it nearly filled the frame.

The next process was to take a pole with a dull, blunt end and rub it back and forth over the skin, to soften it and to dry it, all the while rubbing in the deer brain to tan it into leather. All this was hard work, so Flying Cloud was a great help to his mother, while at the same time he was learning something worth knowing.

Flying Cloud did not see anything of the other boys until the evening meal was over. Of course, there was the flesh of the

same deer to be eaten, for his mother had kept the venison wrapped carefully in green leaves of the wild sage and sweet flag.

When the boys gathered as usual, only Little Turtle was absent. But they gave a few whistles of their whippoorwill signal, and he came rushing up to the waiting group. When the boys reached Bear Chief's lodge, they found him at his favorite place by the fire, while Wi-ha, his squaw, was working with her back to the fire. They could not see what she was doing and were too polite to try to find out.

"Well, grandsons, I hope each one of you has spent the day doing something useful. It is said by the old people that he who does not arise with the sun and take advantage of all the daylight will soon die, for he does not appreciate light and life and all they offer."

So Flying Cloud then told of his share of the day's work with his mother. And Little Turtle explained that he had been tramping the woods looking for his father's

lost pony, which he had finally found; that was the reason he was almost late. Red Bird said he had helped his mother carry clothes to the river and beat them with a stick on a smooth, flat stone. Green Crow, too, gave a good account of himself, for he had spent most of the day with his grandmother looking for herbs for making

Bennett photograph

It was a fine day, so Flying Cloud and his mother had been busy tanning a deerskin

Green Crow and his grandmother on their way to gather herbs to be used for making medicine

medicine. They had found sarsaparilla, ginseng, wild garlic, pipsissewa, rosinweed, and many other herbs.

"Well, well, it is good to hear these things of you," said Bear Chief, "for the story I am going to tell you tonight has to do with industry and with our ways of living. You have seen from my stories that our people, the Winnebagoes, and, in fact, all other Indians, are great observers of the animals and birds, and from them we learn many fine lessons.

"Once, a long time ago, as my grandfather used to tell the story, the people were overcome by evil spirits and monstrous animals. There was sadness and sorrow over all the earth. Then the Great Spirit heard the cries of the people and sent a hero to them to destroy those bad things. This hero went about over the earth fighting with all the evil things that hurt the people. And there came a time when he was so victorious over all the great monsters that they would not come

back any more. But the people had lived so long in evil ways that they had forgotten how to keep themselves clean and strong in body and in mind.

"So this hero went about the earth again to invite all the animals of the land and the birds of the air and the beings of the water to come to a great gathering. At that time they were each to give some power to make the people better. The Eagle and the Swan were sent to the upper regions with this invitation, and the Bear and the Wolf were sent as runners over the earth and lower regions. Each went forth young and in the very prime of life, but when they returned they were old and weary. The Eagle and the Swan had lost the small feathers from their heads and were bald, while their wing feathers were so worn and thin that they could hardly fly. The Bear and the Wolf returned so old that their fur had all been worn off, and they came hobbling in with the aid of cedar staves. They came and stood before

the hero, saying, 'To this age will the people come if they receive your teachings and perform them.'

"After saying this, each one shook himself vigorously and became as he had been before, young and strong and in the prime of life. This was to show us that when we grow old and die, after a life of industry and usefulness, our souls, or spirits, may become young again in another life outside of or beyond the bodies we now have.

"Then all the animals began coming toward the gathering place, exerting their best powers in order that the people might gain some benefit and learn how to lead better lives. The Otter, with his mate, started from the seas at the east, and the Beaver, with his mate, came from the lakes and rivers of the north. At first they came under the waters, but, knowing that the people could not imitate them in this, they then swam upon the surface. Then they dived down four times, and each time, as they came up, there came with them a

Courtesy New York Zoological Society

Otters live in families, and they have taught the Indians many useful things, for an otter is strong and cunning and has great courage

young one of their own kind. So there were four young Otters and four young Beavers. Finally they all landed on an island in the great lake where the father of each family dived back into the water and brought up a large whitefish to feed his young. Then all the Otters and Beavers went on to their destination.

"Grandsons, all this was to teach us that we should live in families, and that

Courtesy Field Museum of Natural History

Beavers, like otters, live in families. They are wise and industrious in their ways, and the Indians learned many useful lessons from them

the mother should care for the young and that the father should seek food and protect his family. Thus do the Otter and the Beaver teach us, for the Otter is strong, courageous, and very cunning, while the Beaver has great wisdom and industry. You know that he cuts down trees, moves timbers, and builds dams in the rivers to make ponds; and that he makes his lodge out in the deep water, safe from the wolf

and the fox, with his food stored securely under the water and the ice. Tonight I have told you of only the Otter and the Beaver, but as you grow older and have sharper eyes you will learn the whole story of what each of the animals did at that great gathering to help the people to do better.

"When I was a young boy, my father trapped and killed a beaver, and after tanning its hide well my mother made a nice warm cap for me. And on the evening when I was admitted to the lodge fire of the brave men and boys my father called me to him, telling me to place more wood on the fire. Then he asked me to be seated while he told me this same story I have told you tonight. With the eyes of memory I can see it all now: my mother and my father sitting beside the lodge fire just as we are sitting here. And just so you shall see me in your memories in after years. And whenever you see a beaver brought into camp you will recall the great

lesson which the human race has learned and is still learning from it.

"Now, grandsons, I believe my wife has a surprise for you. I have watched her working as hard as a beaver all day and all this evening. Let us see what it is, Wi-ha."

"It is nothing very much, my chief," she said. "It is only a cap apiece for the boys. That beaver skin you tanned was a large one, and I have made it into caps for four boys. The caps will be good and warm for winter."

Wi-ha handed the caps over to Bear Chief, and he passed them to the boys. Oh, what nice warm caps they were! Red Bird was so happy that he just could not keep from dancing the friendship dance around the lodge fire. And the other boys joined him, whooping with happiness and swinging their new beaver caps high above their heads.

As the boys left, they repeated their thanks over and over again to Bear Chief

for the story and to his wife for the new beaver caps. And they could be heard in the distance whooping and calling like the whippoorwill as they separated, each going to his own lodge.

Bear Chief also thanked his wife for the great trouble she had taken in making the caps from the beaver skin for the boys, but she was as pleased as he was. They both knew that this would help the boys to remember the story and to lead the life of courage and industry it described.

THE STORY OF THE RABBIT

"Well, well, grandsons, where are you going this morning? You look as though you were off for a hunting trip. Is it rabbits you are after?"

"You are a good guesser, Bear Chief," answered Green Crow.

"No, I was not guessing, my son. I have just come in from the woods where almost everywhere in the snow I saw rabbit tracks, so I thought a really wise boy would try to get a rabbit dinner. Besides, those arrows you have are not the kind to make me think you are after buffalo, or even deer. So was I guessing very hard? Before you go, let me see your arrows."

Now Little Turtle's father had made him some new arrows. He had taken great pains with them, using several colors of paint and a few straight feathers of the wild turkey. When the other boys saw these arrows there was nothing else to do,

of course, but to have their fathers make them arrows, too. After much coaxing each boy had secured his father's help.

The men had gone into the woods where the young hickory trees were reaching up among the older trees straight toward the light. Here they had secured long, straight saplings without any side branches or knots; arrows from such wood were sure to fly straight and true. Each father had made four arrows for his son. Little Turtle's

Little Turtle's father has made him some new arrows, and the boys are starting off on a hunting trip

arrows were tipped with turkey feathers colored red. Flying Cloud's were blue, Green Crow's were bronze or greenish black like a blackbird's neck, while Red Bird had yellow feathers on his arrows.

The boys had gone hardly more than half a mile from the village before they came upon a dense thicket of weeds and brush where the rabbit tracks were so numerous that they knew this must be a playground for the little furry folk.

In a short but serious council the boys planned their attack. Little Turtle and Flying Cloud were to go around the edge of the brush to the farther end of the thicket and wait there for the rabbits to come out, while Red Bird and Green Crow were to go through the brush, scaring the game and driving it ahead of them. As soon as the other boys had had time to get to their places, Red Bird and Green Crow advanced through the thicket with loud yells and much breaking of the brush, making enough noise to scare a moose, had there been one there.

They had gone only halfway through the brush when Little Turtle drew back his best arrow and let it fly. With a shout he ran forward and snatched up a dead rabbit to show the other boys. But just then Flying Cloud took aim and shot. And he, too, got his rabbit. By that time the boys were so excited that they were not ready for the next three rabbits that ran out of the brush. They shot, but missed by a wide distance, and there were no more rabbits in that thicket.

The boys went on more than a mile, but found no more game. Of course there was no use in going back the way they had come, so they made a circle homeward. They were growing discouraged when Red Bird cried, "Ho, ho! Here are tracks of quail, and there under that old log is the place where they slept last night." The boys used more caution now as they crept quietly forward along the tracks of the birds, with Green Crow in the lead. Soon he stopped very still, motioning the other

boys to come up behind him and spread themselves out fanwise.

There under a low-hanging bush were the quail all clustered together because they were cold. Each boy placed an arrow upon his bowstring, took careful aim, and shot. So nearly at the same second did they do this that three of the birds instantly fell. Red Bird had missed.

The boys were now happy again. They had three quail and two rabbits, and started with them straight for home and the warm lodge. They were trudging along over the snow and had almost reached the village when Red Bird suddenly stood still and exclaimed, "I say, boys, I have an idea."

"What is it?" cried the others.

"Let's make a feast for Bear Chief with this game we have killed on our first hunting trip."

"That's a good idea, Red Bird. How did you ever happen to think of it? Let's do it!" exclaimed Flying Cloud. "But whose mother will make the feast for us?"

"I'll ask my mother. It was my idea, and I'm sure my mother will do it," insisted Red Bird.

The boys fairly ran the rest of the way home. Red Bird took the game and entered his lodge while the rest waited outside. He told his mother all about the hunt and how he had suggested that the boys prepare a feast for Bear Chief.

"Mother, will you cook the feast for us?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied. "Bear Chief has been good to my son and his friends. I am ready to begin now if you boys will tend the fire."

How the boys did hurry about for wood to make a slow, hot fire! Two of them skinned the rabbits and got the quail ready for roasting. Soon Red Bird's mother had the game baking on sharp sticks before the fire. Then the boys ran over to Bear Chief's lodge to invite him and his wife to the feast.

The sun was just setting at the close of the short winter day when the meal was

Bennett photograph

Red Bird's mother preparing the feast the boys are going to give Bear Chief and his wife

ready. The quail had been roasted with their feathers still on them, which saved the sweetness of their flesh. The rabbits had been wrapped in leaves of wild sage and horehound, and the odors of the roasting meat were just as savory as the meat was delicious.

You may guess how much Bear Chief enjoyed this feast in his honor, and how much his wife, Wi-ha, liked a meal that she had not cooked. And you may guess, too,

how delighted the boys were to know they had done something to repay the old man and his wife for all their kindness. When the meal was over, Bear Chief thanked the boys for their thoughtfulness and Wi-ha made a deep bow before Red Bird's mother as a sign of her great appreciation.

"Grandsons," said the story-teller, "I want you all to come over this evening for another story, a Rabbit story. Will you come?"

"Ho, ho, ho, Grandfather Bear Chief! That we will," the boys all shouted joyfully. And just as soon as it seemed proper for them to do so they followed him to his lodge.

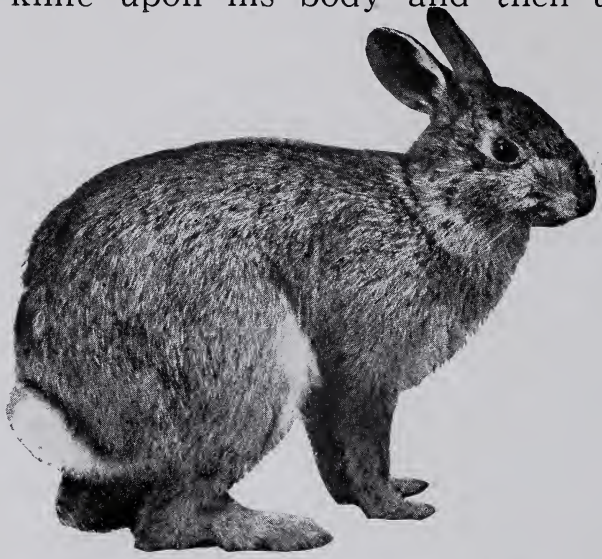
"Come in and take your places, grandsons." As he rose to put wood on the fire, the boys could see that the old man was unusually happy. "Boys, I want to thank you again for those rabbits and quail with which you feasted my wife and me. I am sure your success today means that you will all be great hunters when you are men, and

that your families will never lack for food. As I ate the rabbit I remembered a story my grandfather told me one winter's evening long ago, when I was a boy about your age. This is the story:

"In all the legends of the Winnebagoes, the Rabbit, or Hare, takes the most prominent part in defending the people. And it is also said that in the earliest times the animals could change into human beings and back again whenever they wished. Now the Rabbit lived with his grandmother, Mother Earth, who appears in our legends as a woman. The Rabbit spent his time going about doing good to people and fighting the monsters which were destroying them. Every day he went out looking for something good to do.

"One day he came upon a great monster which had a long, long tongue. When this tongue was stretched out it could lap up whole villages of people, just as a dog laps up water. The Rabbit began to wonder how he could destroy this monster, but it

was so much larger than he was that to try to attack it himself was useless. Suddenly it occurred to him to hide a little flint knife upon his body and then to let



The Rabbit was the principal hero of the Winnebagoes. He was supposed to spend his time going about doing good and fighting for them

himself be swallowed just as many unfortunate people had been. Then he could cut his way out of the monster's stomach and thus save many lives.

With his knife he went to a place where the monster would probably pass. There

he sat and sang, 'Oh, you who lap them in with your tongue, come and lap me in.'

"As the monster came near, it heard the song and looked all about, but could see no one. But the Rabbit kept singing his song, and at last the monster saw a tiny rabbit by the wayside. It said to itself, 'Perhaps this is the thing that is singing the song.' So it lapped the Rabbit up and swallowed him.

"There, inside the monster, the Rabbit found many people who had also been swallowed. Taking his flint knife, he began to cut into the monster's side. The great creature became sick and coughed four times. The fourth time he coughed forth the little Rabbit he had swallowed. He looked this little creature all over but could see no knife nor any other weapon, so he swallowed him again. And once more the Rabbit started to cut his way out of the monster's huge stomach. This he finally succeeded in doing, and so saved all the people whom he found there.

"Another time, my grandfather said, the Rabbit was wandering about over the earth when he came upon the tracks of some large creature. The tracks seemed to go straight east and west, but the Rabbit could not understand who could make such a strange path. Each day he went out hoping to solve this riddle, but always he was too late to see the animal. Then he asked his grandmother about it.

"'Grandmother,' said he, 'I want you to weave me a net that I can stretch across the path and catch that strange creature.'

"Then Mother Earth went out and gathered nettles. With their fibers she spun strong strings and made a net. This net the Rabbit took and stretched across the path of the thing that made the strange tracks east and west. He hastened home and went to bed, sure that on the morrow he would learn what the creature was.

"The next morning the Rabbit went out early. Lo and behold, the creature was caught and held in the netting. He tried

to get near it and find out what it was, but such a terrible heat came from it that he could not get at all close. So he ran home and told his grandmother. She, too, went out to see. And when she saw what it was she scolded the little Rabbit severely.

"'You bad, wayward, disrespectful little creature, don't you see that in your net you have caught the Sun which gives life and light and warmth to the people? Make haste and loosen it. Set it free.'

"The Rabbit tried to get close up to the Sun, but the heat was so great that he was not able to free it. Then he hurried home and borrowed his grandmother's flint knife. Armed with this he tried again, but still the heat was too great for him.

"Suddenly it occurred to him to turn around and back up to the net. This he tried to do, but even in this position he was burned. Then he thought of the happiness of the people, and with one great effort backed up close enough to cut the Sun free. The heat burned off part of his

tail, but just the same the Rabbit was happy, for he had helped his people. And then the Sun went on its way to the west.

"Grandsons, those are the two best rabbit stories I know; my own grandfather told them to me. And now we must say good night."

"Good night, Bear Chief," answered the boys as they rose to go. Red Bird was the last boy to leave the lodge, and as he crept through the door he looked back and said with a smile, "Now I know, Bear Chief, why the rabbit has such a short little tail."

WAK-JON-KA-GAH

The weather had been cold and stormy, and for several evenings the boys had missed going to Bear Chief's lodge. But at last came a fine night when the stars in the deep sky seemed to be trying to outshine one another. When Flying Cloud stood behind his father's lodge and gave the call of the whippoorwill, his cry sounded in and out among the lodges of the other families in the Winnebago village and on out into the deep shadows of the pine forests beyond. Of course, there never are any whippoorwills in the northern woods in winter, for these birds are among the earliest to start on the way for their winter homes, leaving in late August, the Moon of the Roasting Ears.

The cry of the whippoorwill, however, was by this time well known to all the people in the village as the call of the four boys, and tonight everyone knew that some

plan was on foot among them. A little watching would have discovered four quick shadows darting among the lodges toward the home of the old story-teller.

"Ho, ho, ho, grandsons. Come right in." Bear Chief and his wife smiled as the boys filed in and took their places on the north side of the lodge. "My wife and I were just talking about you not more than the length of a locust song ago, wondering what had become of you. What have you boys been doing?"

"The weather has been so cold, Grandfather, that we have been staying close at home," answered Red Bird.

"I am glad you came this evening, grandsons, for the winter evenings are long and pass slowly when my wife and I are all alone. You are the only boys we have now."

For a few minutes the boys waited in silence and watched the smoke curl slowly out of Bear Chief's pipe. And they were interested, too, in watching his wife's swift

bone needle as she made high, fur-lined moccasins for the old man to wear in winter.

"Bear Chief," she said at last, "why don't you tell the boys the story about Wak-jon-ka-gah tonight? That is always an interesting story, and a funny one, too."

"Well, now, that's a good idea," he replied. "You stir up the fire, Green Crow, while I get my thoughts together and try to remember how the story starts." And you may be sure that not Green Crow alone, but all the boys brought in enough wood to keep the fire going a long while. Then the story began.

"Wak-jon-ka-gah was the eldest son of the Great Spirit, and the one who was always doing strange or foolish things. You remember I told you that in the times long ago there were monsters and evil spirits who overcame the people. The cries of the people went up to the Great Spirit until he looked down upon them and saw their condition. So he sent four of his sons to

destroy the evil spirits and to save the people and teach them the ways of life. Those four sons represented four different

POUCHES WORN AT INDIAN MEDICINE DANCES

These pouches were made of animal skins. In early days they were ornamented with porcupine or bird quills, but later beads were used. In them the Indians kept various things to please the good spirits and to drive away the evil ones. They called these things good medicine or bad medicine

characters, so that the people might see in actual life the things that would hinder them and those that would do them good. Wak-jon-ka-gah, the eldest son, represented the foolish things of life, and in the stories of our people he lived those foolish things, and did them.

"The second son was the Boaster. The third son was the Warrior, or the Turtle, and the fourth was the Wise One, or the Rabbit, who finally succeeded in saving the people. Each one of these sons helped to teach the people, and as you grow older you, yourselves, will see these sons of the Great Spirit and learn from them in your own lives.

"But now about Wak-jon-ka-gah. Once he was going along with a large pack on his back. He came to a great river and turned to follow its banks, just to see what was beyond the next bend. It wasn't long until he came to a wide sand bar upon which were many geese and ducks. They spied him right away and said to each other, 'Oh, there goes Wak-jon-ka-gah. Let's call him over here and have him sing for us to dance.' So they called to him and he went over on the sand bar where they were.

"'Wak-jon-ka-gah, can you sing any songs?' they asked him.

"'Why, to be sure I can,' he said. 'This big pack on my back is nearly all songs.'

"With that he set his pack on the ground, much to the joy of the ducks and geese. Then he ordered them to build a long lodge out of tall bluejoint grass and to make it very tight, with only one small door in the end. When it was finished, he told them all to go inside, where they strutted around, very happy over the dance that was coming.

"Now, it was part of the foolishness of Wak-jon-ka-gah to think himself very wise and very smart. So he seated himself at the entrance, completely filling the doorway. When all was ready, he told the geese and ducks to dance in a circle around the edge of the lodge and above all things to keep their eyes closed, for if they danced with them open their eyes would become red, a great disgrace among the bird tribes.

"With these instructions Wak-jon-ka-gah started to sing, and the ducks and geese

started to dance, and each duck and each goose came near him as it danced around the lodge. And because he was the eldest of the Great Spirit's creations he sang thus:

"'Oh, younger brothers, he who opens his eyes shall have red eyes. His eyes shall be red if he opens them.'

"Wak-jon-ka-gah sang his best, and the ducks and geese danced better than they had ever danced before, circling slowly past him and keeping time to his music. He noted them all carefully, and whenever a big, fat goose came dancing by he seized it and wrung its neck. As it died, each goose made a squawking sound.

"'That's right, that's right,' Wak-jon-ka-gah cried. 'They who dance should give a whoop once in a while.' And then he seized another bird and wrung its neck. This he kept up, singing all the while, until a large pile of fine geese and ducks lay beside him.

"Finally an old bird of the teal family grew suspicious of the whoops, for they did

not sound just natural, so she danced close to where Wak-jon-ka-gah sat and opened her eyes the least tiny bit. Just then she saw him seize a goose and wring its neck.

"'Oh, he is killing us all!" she cried in alarm. 'Save yourselves!'

"The geese and ducks fluttered madly about and soon broke through the grass sides of the lodge, escaping in all directions. But ever since then all the teals have had little red eyes.

"'Ah, thus a man enables himself to eat,' said Wak-jon-ka-gah to himself, full of pride at his smartness. Then from his pack he took a large kettle and with water from the river cooked all the birds he had killed. While they were cooking, he prepared a table of green boughs upon which to pile the meat. When all was ready he seated himself to eat, but just as he raised the first morsel to his mouth two large trees near by were swayed by the wind so that they rubbed together and made a squeaking sound.

"'Wough, why do you annoy me just as I am about to eat?' grumbled Wak-jon-ka-gah. Again he raised the goose meat toward his mouth, but again the wind blew, and again the trees rubbed together and squeaked. Thus it happened four times before he had even had a bite.

"After the fourth time Wak-jon-ka-gah jumped up and climbed one of the trees, reaching between them to try to separate them. But just then the wind blew again, and his fingers were caught between the trees so that he could not release himself.

"'Ah, younger brothers,' he pleaded with the trees, 'I was only joking when I scolded you. Please let me go.'

"'No, Wak-jon-ka-gah, that we cannot do. The Great Spirit created us only trees. We have no will of our own and cannot do anything of ourselves. Only the winds, the spirits, or some other power can make us act. We are helpless.'

"Because the wind had stopped blowing, Wak-jon-ka-gah was caught and could not

get away. As he hung there he spied a pack of wolves going by along the river's edge. Now, if he had kept still they would never have known that he was anywhere at hand. But he did just the other thing because he was so foolish.

"'Oh, you wolves, don't come this way. Go a little farther away,' he yelled to them.

"Hearing the noise of some one yelling, the wolves stopped and looked about.

"'O-ho, it is Wak-jon-ka-gah,' they cried. 'What can be the matter with him, away up there in a tree? Let us go and find out.' So the wolves came toward him. Again he urged them to keep away, but they saw that he could not drive them off because of the trouble he was in. So they ate up all his food.

"'Please, younger brothers, at least you can leave me the broth, if I let you have the meat,' he entreated. But the wolves drank the broth, too, and then ran away. Then at last Wak-jon-ka-gah, exerting all

his strength, forced the two trees far enough apart to get his fingers out.

"He slid down the tree and looked about. The wolves had eaten all his food and drunk the broth. The geese and ducks had all escaped up and down the river. Now he had had nothing to eat, and his fingers hurt where they had been pinched between the trees.

"'Certainly I must be foolish,' he said to himself. 'No wonder people call me Wak-jon-ka-gah.'

"Now, grandsons, that is one of many stories about Wak-jon-ka-gah," said Bear Chief. "And as the evening is getting late, don't you think we had better stop for tonight and get into our beds?"

"Grandfather Bear Chief, if Wak-jon-ka-gah had all that power, why didn't he use it in the first place and save himself all that trouble?" asked Flying Cloud.

"I wish it had been me," said Green Crow. "I would at least have come down before the wolves got there."

"That is just the lesson the story is intended to teach," replied the old story-teller. "Don't you see that we are all Wak-jon-ka-gahs, in one way or another, and that we do many things that are foolish and could have been prevented if we had thought hard enough or fast enough? What do you think about it, Little Turtle? I see that you want to say something."

"That is just what I was thinking," said Little Turtle. "I can see now that I am a Wak-jon-ka-gah. The other night I was thirsty and looked in the water jar, but found it empty. It was growing late and I did not think anyone else would be wanting a drink that night, so I did not take the jar to the spring as I should have done. But in a few minutes my mother saw the empty jar and went to the spring herself. Then I took a drink. I can see now that I let the wolves get the best of me that time."

Green Crow, who was always the first to criticize others, admitted that he had

done the same thing a great many times, and he hung his head as he admitted it.

"Well, grandsons," said Bear Chief, "I am glad you liked the story and that you understood it. You must thank my wife for it."

"Grandmother," cried the boys, turning to Wi-ha, "we certainly do thank you for this story and for your part in all the others. And we thank you, too, for the good, warm beaver caps we are finding so snug and comfortable these winter days. Good night."

Soon the "whippoorwills" could be heard as they disappeared in the distance, and silence settled down upon the lodges of the Winnebago village.

The ceremonial pipe of the Winnebagoes, called the calumet

A PRONOUNCING AND DEFINING VOCABULARY

Ak-sia-ga (ahk-see-ah′gah), the third daughter of a family

Cha-hayo-wak-sho-we-ra (chah-hāo-wahk′shu-wee-ra), antler-shedding moon—December

Cha-kee-roo-xay-we-ra (chah-kee-roo′ghā-wee-ra), the deer-mating moon—November

Champlain (sham-plēn′), *Samuel de,* born 1567, died 1635; founded Quebec, 1608; discovered Lake Champlain, 1608

Cha-my-na-xo-we-ra (Chah-mī-nuh-gho′wee-ra), the deer-digging moon—October

Co-no (ko-no′), the eldest son

Ha-ga (hah′gah), the third son

Ha-shootch-ga (hah-shootch′gah), red horn; a thunder spirit

He-nu (hay′nuh), the second son

Hi-nu (hee′noo), the eldest daughter

Hi-nun-ka (hee-nun′kay), the fourth daughter

Honch-we-cho-nee-we-ra (honch-wee-cho′nee-wee-ra), the first bear moon, the month when the young bears are born—January

Honch-we-ra-gnee-ra (honch-wee-rah′gnee-rah), the last bear moon—February

Ho-ro-gee-nah-we-ra (ho-ro-geen′ah-wee-rah), the fish-spawning moon, the month when the fish can be seen as the ice clears away—April

Ho-wy-zhook-we-ra (ho-wy-zhook′wee-rah), the elk-calling moon—September

Ho-zaza-kay-we-ra (ho-zay′zah-kay-wee-rah), the bobolink moon—September

Illinois (ĭl-lĭ-noi′), French from the Indian *il-li-ni*, men. A confederacy of Algonquian tribes formerly occupying southern Wisconsin, northern Illinois, and sections of Iowa and Missouri

Kae-cha-gae-ga (kay-chah′gae-ga), the turtle

Ku-nu, another form of *Co-no*

Massasoit (mas-a-soyt′), Great Chief, Chief of Wampanoags, father of King Philip, and loyal to Plymouth colonists in 1621. Died 1661

Missouri (miz-zū′rĭ), muddy water, or great muddy

My-ra-oon-we-ra (my-ra-ung′wee-rah), the cultivating moon—June

My-ta-woos-we-ra (my-tah-woos′wee-rah), the earth-drying moon—May

Nan-xi (nahn-ghee′), the fourth son

Nebraska (ne-bras′ka), shallow or broad water. A name given to the Platte River by the Sioux Indians

Nicolet (ni-co-lay′), *Jean*, the first white man to visit the Winnebagoes, in 1634

Omaha (ō′ma-ha), "up stream," or "those going against the wind or current." One of the tribes of the Sioux nation

Osage (ō-sag′), derived from *Wazhazhe*, a chief of a band of Sioux

Pawnee (paw-nee′), derived from *pariki*, meaning a horn, because of a custom of wearing the hair erect, stiffened with paint and fat. An Indian tribe which first lived in Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas

Pocahontas (po-ca-hon′tas), "she is playful." Born 1595, died 1617. Daughter of Powhatan and the legendary deliverer of Captain John Smith; married John Rolfe of Virginia colony

Pottawatomi (pot-ta-wat′o-mi), "people of the place of fire." A tribe living along the southern shores of Lake Michigan, from Michigan into Wisconsin

Psin-na-ke-tu'we-ra, a Sioux word for September

Sioux (sū), "snake, adder, or enemy." A group of tribes which had similar languages and lived in the plains region of the Missouri, upper Mississippi, and Red River of the North. Generally "Sioux" refers to the Dakota Indians only

Wa-kay-kee-roo-xay-we-ra (wah-kay-kee-roo'ghay-wee-rah), the raccoon moon—March

Wak-jon-ka-gah (wahk-chon'kah-gah), undependable, foolish, simple

We-ta-jox-he-we-ra (wee-tah-chok'he-wee-rah), corn-popping moon, month when the roasted ears of corn burst—August

We'ter-i-we-ra, a Sioux word for the hard or cold month—January

Wi-ha (wee'hah), the second daughter

Winnebagoes (wĭn-ē-bā'gōs), "people of the filthy water." A tribe of Siouan Indians living across central Wisconsin. They called themselves "Ho-chunk-er-rah"

Wisconsin (wis-kon'sin), derived from *Ouisconsin*. A name occasionally used to designate the group of tribes living on the banks of the Wisconsin River, including the Sauk, Fox, and others

Wixo-tee-ra (or "wah-chotch'rah-wee-rah"), the corn-tassel moon, or the moon that makes them gray; when the corn tassels appear and the fields look gray—July

Wo'-ju-je-we-ra, a Sioux word for "planting moon"—May

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